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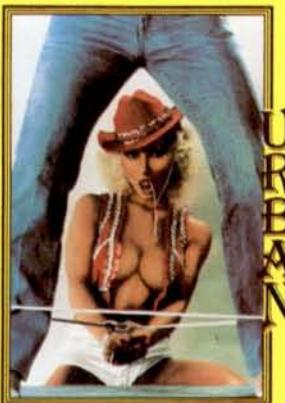
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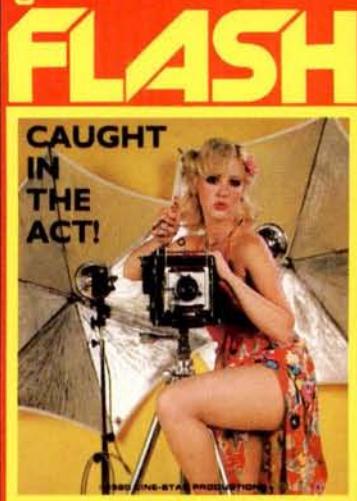
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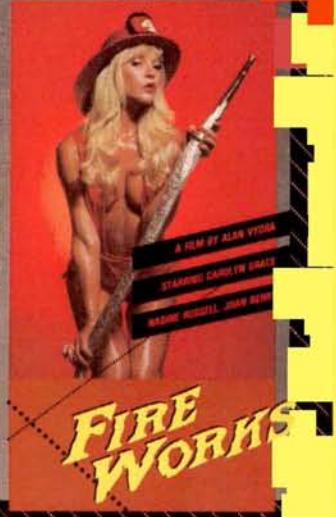


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5
PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

9
FEEDBACK

13
WORLD NEWS ROUNDUP

15
ADVISE & CONSENT

17
BITS & PIECES
TV Shows You Never Saw,
Sidney the Wild Queer
... and More
Edited by Bruce Helford

25
X-RATED REVIEWS

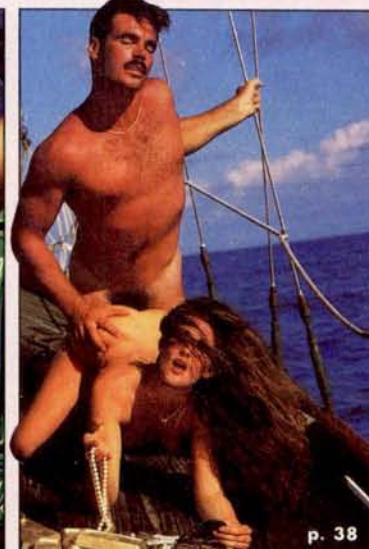
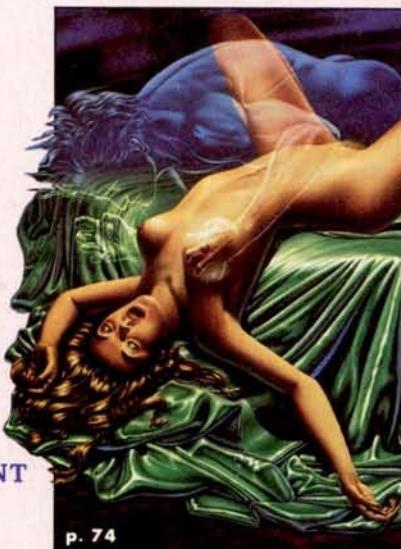
31
SEX PLAY
Sex and Poppers
by Patti Howard

34
DARRELL WALTRIP
Hard-Driving
Race Champion
Profile by Bob Allen

38
MUFF DIVER
Photography by Matti Klatt

51
TV SOAP-OPERA STARS NUDE!
Exclusive Pictorial

56
CONTAMINATED FOOD
How Much Can America Stomach?
Article by Leah Wallach



60
JULIA: DRESSED TO PLEASE
Centerfold
Photography by Matti Klatt

72
HUSTLER HUMOR

74
GHOST STORY
Fiction by D. S. Bradford

78
KATIE & MAUREEN:
IRISH EYES
Photography
by Clive McLean

90
MARIAN
Photography by James Baes

103
BEAVER HUNT
Cozy Cooze

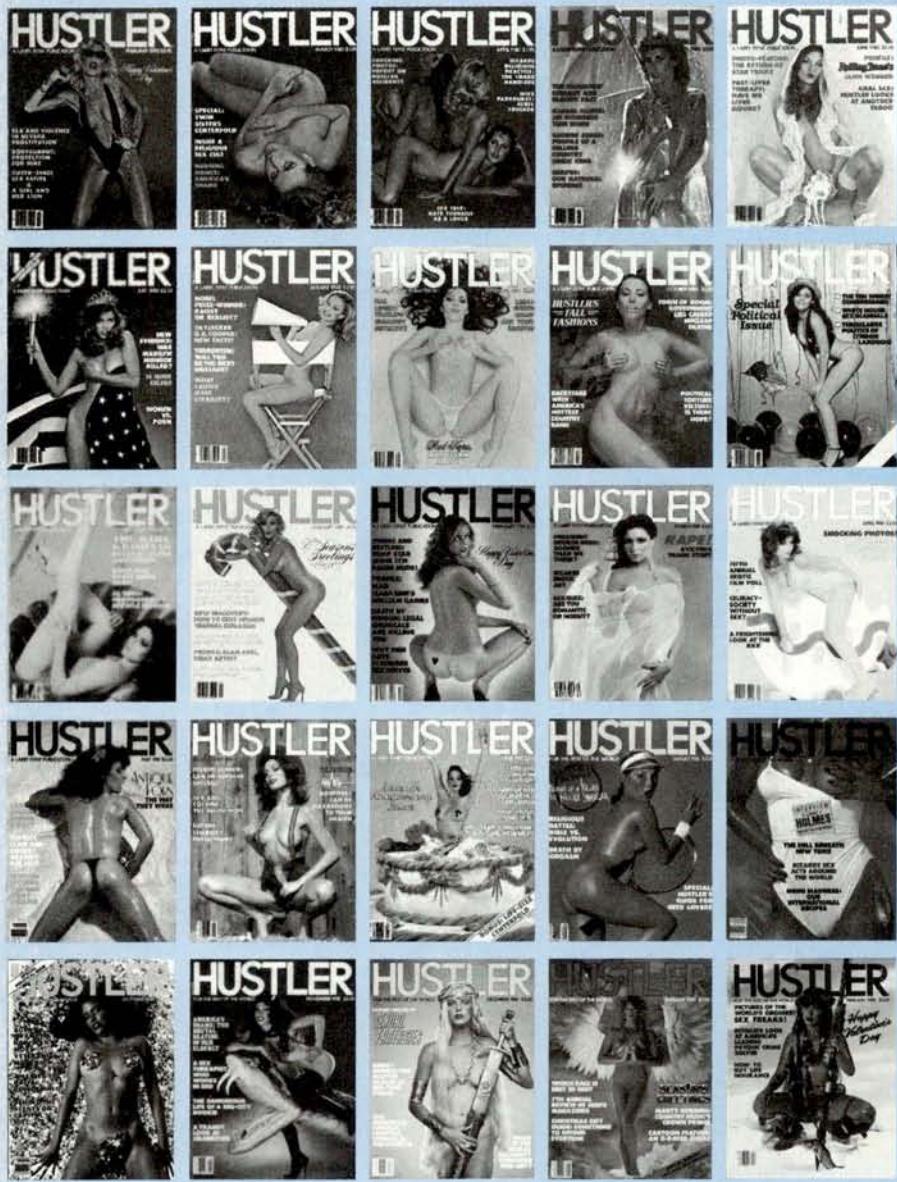
113
KINKY KORNER
Singapore Fling
by Ralph Maddox

115
HONEY
Genital Hospital
Text by Bruce Helford
and Art by Tom Garst

119
MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK
Erotic Audio

MARCH 1982 VOLUME 8 NUMBER 9

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HUSTLER MARCH 1982 VOLUME 8 NUMBER 9

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Nuclear Madness

I can't believe my ears lately when I hear all this talk about a totally asinine concept: "limited nuclear war." The theory behind this insane idea is that if either America or Russia gets too pushy, one side or the other would detonate "one or two nuclear warheads" that would then supposedly scare the other off. "Only" several million people at the most would be killed, according to the game plan of some of our leaders in Washington.

I'm appalled that government officials could even *conceive* of such a demented approach to solving world problems, let alone actually plan on *doing* it.

It's time all Americans speak out and tell these grown men to stop playing crazy war games . . . now! I'm sickened that my children are growing up in a world where the threat of nuclear death stalks them at every moment. And I'm scared to even think about the terror and suffering that a "limited nuclear war" would involve.

Just as there's no such thing as being a "little bit pregnant," there's also no such thing as a "limited nuclear war." With more than 20 countries possessing or developing nuclear arsenals, it's madness to think a nuclear war could be controlled once it started. The horrible chain reaction of retaliation set off by just one dropped atomic bomb would destroy the world as we know it.

With supposedly civilized nations such as the United States and the Soviet Union talking so irresponsibly about starting a nuclear war, I shudder to think what a madman like Libya's Colonel Muammar Kaddafi or the Palestinian terrormonger Yassir Arafat will do once they get their hands on the Bomb. Don't for a minute think that's impossible. Kaddafi, for example, was nothing but a desert slug before his country's oil made him powerful. He's even assigned hit teams to assassinate world leaders. What's to stop this lunatic from finding a way to get the Bomb, unless he's squashed like a fly before he gets a chance to wreak nuclear havoc?

I can't believe that world leaders are so callous that they don't consider the human agony their "limited nuclear war"

plan would cause. Even if they were right that such a war could be limited to one blast, the death and destruction would be horrifying. Doctors tell us that if one atomic bomb were dropped in the heart of a major city, not only would about a million people die instantly, but the survivors would be so severely injured, they would envy the dead as they awaited medical help that would never arrive. Thousands upon thousands would die a slow, torturous death from radiation poisoning, blinded by the flash and immobile from limb injuries.

That's tragic enough. But it doesn't take into account the ominous radioactive cloud that goes into the atmosphere, spreading sickness and death in its wake. Do we need any more evidence of this effect than St. George, Utah, the town in which hundreds of citizens developed cancer years *after* our nuclear tests there? That's the same area, you'll remember, where actor John Wayne and other movie people were exposed to the radioactive dust now believed by some to have caused their deaths.

Even more chilling is the fact that radiation lasts for centuries, creeping into our food, water supplies, trees, grass and every living thing. It is not uncommon for young girls exposed to radiation to still have it in their systems 20 years later, and pass it on to their children with their milk.

That's not my idea of "limited" anything.

Nuclear war will never determine who is right—only who is left to suffer in a devastated world. Albert Einstein, the brilliant scientist whose reasoning and discoveries were twisted into the idea of atomic bombs, once said with tears in his eyes, "With this terrible, terrible weapon, the next war will be fought with sticks and clubs. For this will surely destroy mankind, and we'll have to start over again."

Speak up now against this nuclear madness. None of you like the government telling you how to live. Why should we let them tell us how to die?

A handwritten signature in cursive ink that reads "Larry Flynt".

Publisher &
Chairman of the Board

WRITE YOUR OWN TICKET

All of us at **HUSTLER** thank you for the overwhelming support you have given during our almost eight years of publication. We want to keep giving you the kind of magazine you enjoy, but we need your help. Could you take just a minute to fill out this form and return it to us? Only by knowing what you want to see can we continue giving you an action-filled, exciting magazine.

Tell us about you.

How long have you read **HUSTLER**? _____

How old are you? _____

Do you buy it at a newsstand? _____ Or subscribe? _____

What other magazines do you read regularly? _____

What kinds of products have you bought from our ads? _____

Now, tell us what you think.

1. I'd like to see a swingers section through which I could meet other **HUSTLER** readers.

Yes _____ No _____

2. What sections of the magazine, if any, would you like to see expanded? _____

What is your opinion of the following regular **HUSTLER** features?

	EXCELLENT	FAIR	POOR
Publisher's Statement	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Feedback	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Advise & Consent	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Bits & Pieces	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Sex Play	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Movie Reviews	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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Kinky Korner	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Girl Pictorials	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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HUSTLER Humor	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Honey	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Comments and suggestions for **HUSTLER**: _____

Need more room? Send us a letter with your comments. With your suggestions we can keep giving you the kind of magazine you get off on.

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP. Now simply cut out this page and mail it in an envelope to:

HUSTLER READER REQUESTS

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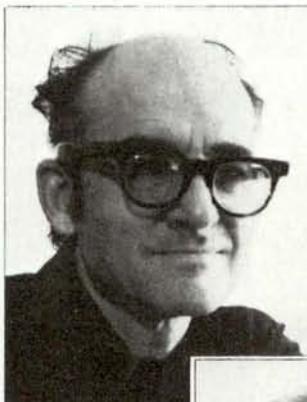


With so many institutions and so-called leaders coping out on their jobs these days, we all need a source to rely on in sizing up society's *real* dangers. But along the way there's room for the lighter side too—gutsy entertainment that helps us laugh and enjoy as we stay aware of things. These are two roles that HUSTLER strives to play every month, but they have never been blended as well as they are in our March issue.

Millions of Americans have become hooked on a unique form of entertainment known as "the soaps"—daytime TV soap operas. While these shows are full of studs and foxes caught up in all kinds of compromising situations, you never get a chance to *really* see the players with their, uh, guard down. After catching our EXCLUSIVE! TV SOAP-OPERA STARS NUDE!, *General Hospital* and *Days of Our Lives* will never seem so tame again.

One of our country's very real—but little-understood—dangers is the way unsafe, unsanitary food winds up on all of our tables. In this month's eye-opening article, **CONTAMINATED FOOD: HOW MUCH CAN AMERICA STOMACH?**, HUSTLER newcomer **LEAH WALLACH** blames inadequate regulations and a profit-obsessed food industry. Wallach, who has been published in *Penthouse*, *Holiday* and *Forum*, was a 1980 recipient of a special grant from the New York Foundation of the Arts. She's currently a fiction-writing teacher at the New York Ethical Culture School of Continuing Education. The accompanying artwork is from regular contributor **JOHN ANDREWS**, who illustrated last month's *Sex Play*, "How Vaginal Infections Affect Men."

Danger of a different sort figures in our profile, **DARRELL WALTRIP: THE HARD-DRIVING CHAMPION OF RACING**. Expertly steering his modified Buick at speeds sometimes exceeding 200 miles per hour, Waltrip is the youngest stock-car driver



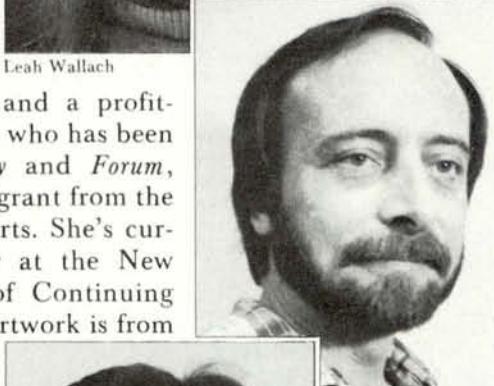
Alex Ebel



Patti Howard



Leah Wallach



Michael Gregory



Bob Allen

ever to pass the \$2-million mark in career earnings. **BOB ALLEN** wrote this revealing portrait of the aggressive, straight-talking champion. Allen, the author of January's profile of country-music great Marty Robbins, has written for many leading publications, including *CHIC*, *Esquire* and *Rolling Stone*. Among his writing honors is a Certificate of Merit from the American Bar Association for a story on Nashville, Tennessee's jail system. The companion art was supplied by freelancer **MICHAEL GREGORY**,

who is making his HUSTLER debut. Schooled at the Detroit Society of Arts and Crafts, he has designed posters for the Metropolitan Opera in New York and illustrated animated TV commercials.

Even more hazardous than auto racing is sex with the spirits of dead people. That's the subject of this month's fiction, **GHOST STORY**. This eerie yarn about a young couple who move into a house that's had two dozen occupants in just 11 years was written by Dallas, Texas, author **D. S. BRADFORD**. Bradford—who supplied our March 1981 tale, *The Magic Box*—is hard at work on a novel about a sea monster that terrorizes the Caribbean. The illustration is by the nationally acclaimed **ALEX EBEL**, whose art accompanied our August 1981 report,

Science vs. Religion: Battle of Our Times. Ebel recently won a top award for his paintings of Nocona cowboy boots.

Sex and danger are also dealt with in March's *Sex Play*—an alarming report on the increasingly popular use of butyl-nitrite inhalants to enhance lovemaking. As **PATTI HOWARD** discovered while researching **SEX AND POPPERS: NOTHING TO SNIFF AT**, these drugs are not always harmless—they could be killers. A journalism graduate of Florida State University, Howard contributed our November 1981 *Sex Play*, "Sex Therapy in the Bedroom." HUSTLER regular **PAT DUNN** is responsible for the artwork.

So don't wait any longer to sample our patented mix of headline-making journalism and down-to-earth entertainment. The truth is, there ain't no better blend around.

Become a Man who measures Up!

- You will never fall short again.
- Never again will she make you feel like she wanted more than you have to give.
- Never again will she say you're great but leave you wondering.

NOW—with my help—
you will become sexually better
than you have ever dreamed possible.

by Dr. Brian A. Richards



ABOUT THE DOCTOR

Dr. Brian Richards is one of Europe's best-known sex therapists. He heads the Kent Private Clinic in Sandwich, England, where he has helped thousands of men and women attain physical happiness and sexual success with one another. He is a fellow of the Royal Academy and the New York Academy of Sciences. His lifetime of work helping people with sexual problems has given him a treasury of personal information pointing the way to how sexually ambitious individuals can become more able to give and receive all the joys of sex, naturally and unashamedly.

Bigger is Better

They say "not even your best friends will tell you" about many of the small, unobtrusive human failings that make you less of a person than you could be. And that is especially true when it comes to sex.

The fact is, your partner has probably told you that you are good in bed. If you are friends, your bedmate wants you to feel good about yourself, so she tells you how good you are.

Your sex partner does not want to fool you, but thinks it is better for your relationship to praise your performance—even if it is not ideal.

Well, I am not your bed partner. I am a physician. Therefore, I have no reason not to tell you the truth. And I am speaking the truth when I say to you, sight unseen, that you can appear more impressive, be better in bed, and feel confident that you measure up to any man.

With my help you can become the ultimately exciting sex partner your lover really wants to sleep with—and dreamed of before she "settled" for you.

Penis size

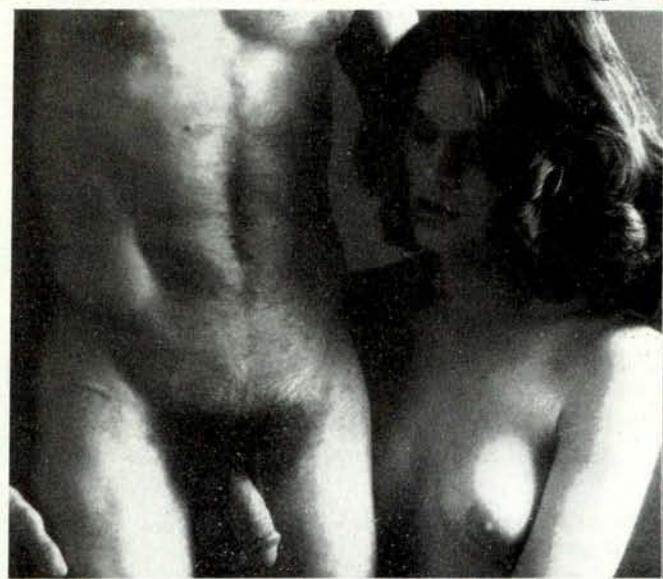
Let me begin by puncturing a pervasive myth, to wit that the size of your penis makes little or no difference in sex.

Women have been avoiding hurt male feelings for centuries by mouthing comfortable platitudes such as, "It's not the size that counts. It's what you do with it."

Well, what you do with it certainly counts, as you will learn to your pleasure in my lessons on sex techniques.

But let me tell you that 30 years of sex therapy have taught me that women really want a man with both good sexual techniques and as large as possible a piece of raw material to begin with.

They're not greedy. They just want everything life—and you—can give them. Now you can give it to them in ways that they never imagined you could before!



You can develop a more exciting, more satisfying, masculine-looking penis

When you are dressed, it will proclaim its presence and your manhood to every woman you meet. When you are naked, it will be an enticing plaything for your lover. When you are erect, it will make you irresistibly attractive!

You can dramatically improve on what nature gave you by following my program; which has proved itself time and time again.

Actually, 87.5% of all the men who have followed the method I will describe to you, have increased penis length by an average of 17%, with one man actually increasing his length by 3.6 cms! The average client increased his erect circumference by 2.8 cms—or 16%.

To receive my complete penis development method, see the coupon below—and do it today. The sooner you begin, the sooner I can help make you better in bed!

Fix her "love grip" too!

Of course, if you know anything about what makes sex work in bed, you already know that a lot of it is up to the female partner.

But modern couples—even when the male is both well-endowed and sexually competent, as my method will help make you—still may suffer from residual Victorian attitudes about lovemaking.

To be blunt about it, most men today realize that they have a responsibility to be both sexually active and sensitive to the woman's needs—but far too many women still think that all they finally need to do is say yes and lie there.

Many men, out of respect for women's feelings, settle for such outmoded passivity. Unless, that is, they have experienced the peaks of pleasure that a knowledgeable woman can produce with her vaginal zone.

Once these men have felt what a woman's body can really do with and for them . . . once they have experienced the ecstasy that a supple strong vaginal grip can produce . . . they won't settle for sex with a passive, flaccid woman!

My program can teach any woman how she can train her vaginal muscles to produce the greatest sexual pleasure for her men, and for herself.

No woman who has followed my methods has ever reported that they have failed to make her and her lover happier, more responsive individuals—and their love life amazingly sharper, better, more eagerly pursued!

To receive my program for toning and sensitizing the female intimate zone, send the coupon below today. And I do mean today, if you've already wasted too much time on giving and receiving so-so sex!

\$50 value FREE!

30 years of working with specialists in every area of body care and treating thousands of patients at my private clinic in Kent, England has shown me which methods will really work to make your entire body more perfect. Because I've devoted my life to body improvement, I'm going to give you each and every one of those methods FREE . . . if you show me that you're serious about improving your own body by purchasing my method for developing the male and female intimate zones, today!

If you're troubled by either overweight, loss of hair, bad complexion, aging, or bad habits that damage your body and are offensive to your partners, I have found at least one method that will help combat and/or eliminate each of those problems.

And, if your lady is plagued by small unshapely breasts, I have found a way for her to develop a beautiful bustline you both can be proud of—and even increase her breast size—as hundreds of my own patients have done.

Yes, I want every one of you to make your whole body better. That's why I've authorized 21st Century Products, Inc. to make you this incredible offer. Purchase my male and female zone development method for only \$19.95 and get every other method—a \$50 value—FREE!

Then, take 30 days to judge my method. If you're not convinced that my method will make you into a sexually superior individual, confident in his size, performance, and potency—in fact, if you're not 100% satisfied, for any reason, simply return it for a prompt refund, no questions asked. So don't delay. You risk nothing and get a \$50 value free. Order now!

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Gentlemen: Enclosed please find my check or M.O. for \$19.95 plus \$1.50 p&h (Total \$21.45. N.Y. residents add sales tax) Rush me The Richards Method for developing the male and female zone in a plain wrapper with Dr. Richards' 6 other successful methods for a more perfect body—a \$50 value—Included FREE! If for any reason I'm not satisfied, I may return them within 30 days for a prompt refund, no questions asked.

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Angel: Your cover and photo-spread of *Angel: Heavenly Body* (top photo) in HUSTLER's January issue is truly one of your best works. The seductive, alluring, yet coy expression on Angel's face—along with her fuckable body—was almost more than I could stand. The layout was composed in a very tasteful, artistic manner rarely found, but wonderful to behold. I'm sure it will show people what sets HUSTLER apart from "smut" magazines. In my opinion, Angel's photo-spread was a fantasy that could only have been portrayed by a true angel and captured by the artistic eye of Matti Klatt. —Michael Cavender
Royal Oak, Michigan

Bits & Pieces: In the December 1981 *Bits & Pieces* your version of a coffee table—a "coffin" table (center photo)—made me sick to my stomach. Is nothing sacred anymore? Have you no respect for the dead? I couldn't believe HUSTLER would stoop so low as to show a dead person in a plate-glass-topped coffin for a coffee table. How very sick-minded you people must be to exploit such a sad time of life. Never again will I pick up an issue of your grisly magazine.

—M. F. Griffin
San Diego, California

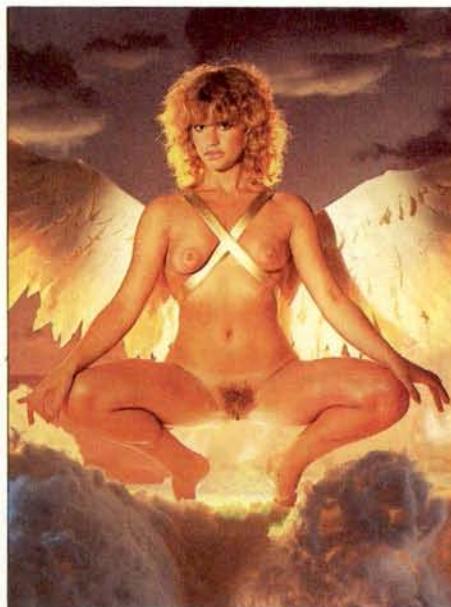
Choice Piece: HUSTLER's December 1981 photo-layout entitled *One Easy Piece* (bottom photo) was great. Keep up the good work in these pictorials.

—Warren C. Moore
Richmond, Virginia

Shocking Asshole: Time and time again I read December 1981's *Asshole of the Month* about Dwight Wymer, the minister who used electric shocks on his pupils to get them to behave; and I still couldn't believe my eyes! Your title was perfect. Maybe he should be called Asshole of 1981. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

In *BEST OF HUSTLER #7* we named Ernest van den Haag our *Asshole of the Year*. *BEST OF HUSTLER* is available at newsstands, or send \$3.95 plus 50¢ for postage and handling (\$1 for multiple orders) to Flynt Subscription Company Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).

I sincerely enjoyed learning about the idiocy of Dwight Wymer, HUSTLER's December 1981 *Asshole of the Month*. This information—along with your *Publisher's Statement* on the hypocrisy of Jerry Falwell, and the marvelous humor of *The Moral Majority Art Gallery*—made for an outstanding issue.



My only criticism is of the *Asshole* paragraph in which you ask readers to imagine what would happen "if Atheists began using electric shocks to zap the concept of God from a young child." The American Atheist movement would never stoop to such idiotic means of persuasion. Truth and common sense are the best weapons against the danger of "religionism," and we trust that the public will eventually steer clear of such tinhorn Hitlers as Falwell and Wymer.

—David P. Thatcher
Sepulveda, California

We certainly didn't imply that Atheists would use shock treatment to convert children. The point was to show the hypocrisy of those people who accept this barbarous practice when it's done in the name of religion, but who would scream bloody murder if they thought an Atheist were doing it.

Falwell's Bible: In the December 1981 *Publisher's Statement*, Larry Flynt says that the God mentioned in his Bible is kind and loving. He fails to mention that the same God also condemns both females and homosexuals. Flynt accused Jerry Falwell of using the Bible to justify his goal. This may be true, but I see that Flynt chooses to quote parts of the Bible with which he agrees, and ignores parts with which he does not. Both Flynt and Falwell are hypocrites in my book.

—Name and Address Withheld

Larry Flynt only quotes from the Bible to fight fire with fire. If somebody uses the Bible to make a questionable point, it makes sense to use that person's own source to give him something to think about.

I'm a "born-again American," and I commend Larry Flynt on his December 1981 *Publisher's Statement*. I see something Jerry Falwell doesn't see. I'm a bisexual; I give love to both sexes and receive love from both sexes. While Falwell may have contempt for my kind, he makes me seek out the lost in life, to share heart and mind, body and soul. The Moral Majority rejects, abandons and abuses these people. Jerry Falwell will never know the love I've received from these outcasts. —Kenneth Colby
Arlington, Maine

Sex and Fantasy: HUSTLER's December 1981 *Sex Play*, "Sex and Fantasy," was extremely informative. Your magazine delivers top-quality articles and photography.

—R. Grochowske
Warm Springs, Georgia

Smoked Out: As all dedicated readers

of HUSTLER know, your magazine has always taken a firm stand against smoking. Even though I'm a two-pack-a-day man, I appreciate your antismoking campaign. But why such a strong emphasis on this issue? I realize that you also address other problems concerning us all, such as gun control, rape, drugs and drunk driving. It seems to me that these more important topics should receive precedence in HUSTLER over non-smoking ads.

Overall, I think HUSTLER is the best thing on the magazine racks each month. But I also feel less emphasis on smoking and more on the truly vital issues of our times would be appropriate for such a fine publication.

—William R. Masters
Caldwell, West Virginia

We try to deal with the truly vital issues of our times in our editorial content. One reason we picked smoking as an issue is because it is hazardous to the health of everybody, including nonsmokers. The initiative for our anti-smoking public-service advertising campaign came when the big tobacco companies rejected HUSTLER as an advertising vehicle because we supposedly damage people's health. The truth, of course, is that science has shown that cigarettes are what damages people's health, while HUSTLER's open attitude toward sex is beneficial. It's not that we're on

a vendetta; it's just that the overwhelming support by our readers and health organizations for the antismoking campaign convinces us we have a moral obligation to run these messages.

Parent Beating: I am a consistent reader of your fine publication who admires your stand against child abuse. I'd like to see you take a position against abuse of the elderly as well.

—John Roberts
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

We have taken a strong position against parent beating and abuse of the elderly. See HUSTLER's November 1981 article, Abuse of the Elderly: How Children Brutalize Their Parents. Back issues are available by sending in the coupon on page 4 of this issue.

Cartoon Comments: In your November 1981 issue there was a repugnant cartoon with a blue-collar worker who "coldcocked" an Arab. It was an example of stereotyping at its worst. I urge you to review the implications of this cartoon. Instead of the word *Arab*, just try replacing it with *Jew* or *nigger*. I believe that you would not dare do this.

—Alexander Simon Jr.
Delray Beach, Florida

We certainly hold nothing personal against

the Arab people, any more than we do against Jews, blacks or midgets. The cartoon simply satirizes the average American's feeling toward the people who control our oil and, indeed, much of our economy.

The cartoon in your December 1981 issue that depicted a prisoner being forced into the "hole" is a classic. I'm doing time myself; so I ought to know. This isn't the first prison cartoon I've come across in HUSTLER, and I'm glad you're showing the public real life behind bars. Believe me, you don't know how close you are to the truth.

—David Castle
Midway, Texas

Independent: I've been a HUSTLER reader for many years, and I believe that of all publications sold on the open market yours is one of the few not totally controlled by the petrochemical and oil trusts. HUSTLER has a unique, independent character. *Publisher's Statement*, *World News Roundup* and your articles are informative and inspirational.

—Bruce Whitford
Keene, Texas

Review Views: I agree with Theodore Sturgeon's review of the book *The Girls of Thailand* in the December 1981 HUSTLER. Although the girls were sharp-looking, the quality of the photographs was poor. And from experience, I can say that Thai women definitely do have more complex and deeper emotions than this book portrays. Even so, just imagine what a great time the author must have had doing his research in Thailand's bars and nightclubs.

—Samuel L. Stickler
Platte City, Missouri

The book review of *Unforgettable Fire* in your October 1981 issue made my blood boil. The book is about the aftermath of Hiroshima, and I am sick and tired of hearing about how America ruined the lives of the "poor Japanese." What about Pearl Harbor? Who's going to feel sorry for the mothers and wives who lost their men there? I've seen pictures from that attack, and they're unforgettable too. Remember, while we were talking peace in Washington, those fishhead Japanese sneaked in and started a war. I don't like war and killing, but when somebody steps on your toes, it's time to fight back.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

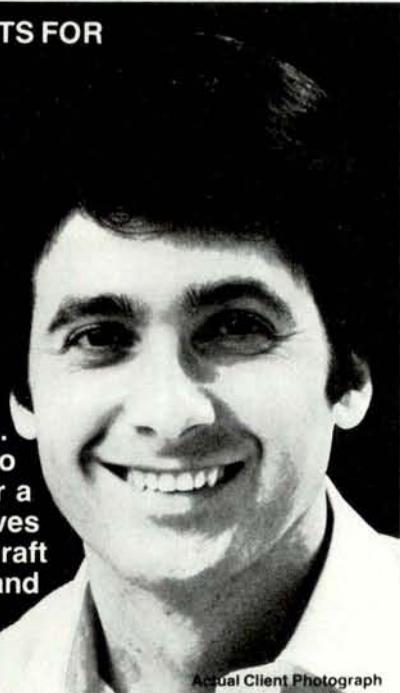
Hasn't there been enough pain and suffering unleashed in this world, based on the kind of stubborn irrationality you suggest? By reviewing the book, we did not propose that the

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"I'd love to know what you find so damn special about watching football all the time!"

"poor Japanese" were not guilty of a hideous crime. The point about the book—and one you unfortunately missed—is that atomic destruction is a fearsome and awful threat. The pictures drawn by survivors should serve as a stunning reminder of that power, which world leaders are once again considering using. For more on this, see Larry Flynt's Publisher's Statement (page 5).

Sabotage? I can't understand why you want to ruin what could be a top-rated magazine. HUSTLER supports the best editorial position—freedom of press and freedom of speech; you have a wonderful Mail-Order Feedback service, great fiction and nonfiction articles, and occasionally good-looking models. But then you add vulgar cartoons, some flat-chested girls, sickening pictures in *Bits & Pieces* and a new and inflationary \$3.50 purchase price. If you corrected these faults, HUSTLER would be the number-one adult magazine in the United States and Canada. Could it be that HUSTLER is trying to sabotage itself?

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Our cartoons are meant to be shocking; too many magazines are content with ho-hum humor. HUSTLER models are chosen for their overall beauty. We try to appeal to all our readers, and many of them prefer small-

breasted women. The *Bits & Pieces* items you find "sickening" are there to supply messages or satirize events in the news. As for the purchase price, you may not realize how much paper costs, printing costs, shipping costs and so forth have skyrocketed in recent years. Believe us, there's more to publishing a magazine than meets the eye.

Northern Salute: I salute Larry and Althea Flynt for sticking up for the rights of all of us. It makes me sick that the so-called "wise men" who run our countries tell us what we should or should not see and read. They tell us war and the killing of innocent women and children are right for country and flag. Yet they persecute people for showing nudity in movies or magazines, claiming they are protecting us from ourselves. I think that stinks.

We are a little backward up here in the cold North, but I'd heard about HUSTLER Magazine and the tragic shooting of Larry Flynt. When I came upon a copy of HUSTLER, I fanned through it and kind of shuddered. I looked around to see if anybody was watching, and then decided to go into the house to read it. To say the least, I enjoyed it. —Ms. Linda Walder
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

Variety Vote: I have been reading

HUSTLER, CHIC and GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION ever since they were first published, and I like their humor, stories, girls and basic style of philosophy. I admire your open-minded attitude and support of the rights of individuals to do what they want, as long as it does not harm anyone else. I also like CHIC's and GC's swingers classified sections, and have met some very nice people through them.

Still, I believe that behind your lip service for freedom you may be more prejudiced than you would like to admit. You do not treat each race fairly in your layouts of beautiful women. Your pictorials are primarily of white girls, although you do throw in a black once or twice a year, an Oriental every other year and a Latin now and then. I hope you'll consider more minority layouts in the future for those of us who like variety.

—Stephen L. Paup
Roseburg, Oregon

We believe that true female beauty is color-blind. The girls we publish are not chosen for ethnic mix, but for sex appeal, beauty and charm.

More for the Ladies: Over the years, I've read your magazine with a maximum of satisfaction. I feel most of your humor is realistic and natural. But I must say that you should feature more guys between your covers. I'm sure many ladies as well as men enjoy your publication. So let's work on more than one for the ladies. —Phyllis L. Killebrew
Memphis, Tennessee

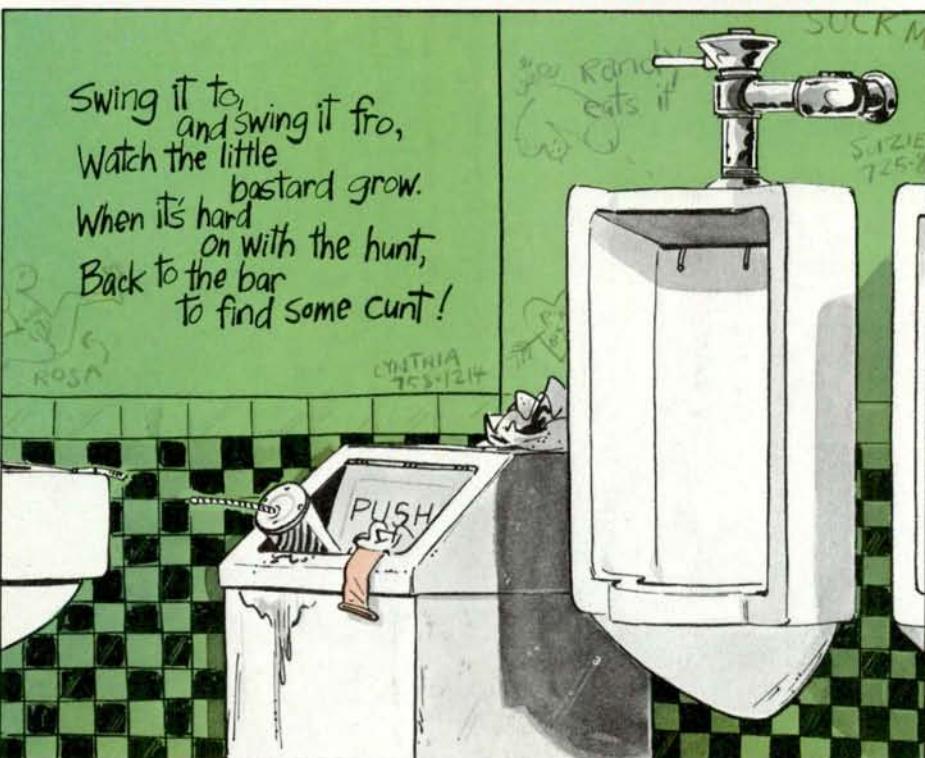
Even though we run nude men, we strive to present them in a context that will turn on our male audience. Remember, we are first and foremost a men's magazine.

Trash? You people create the most vulgar, tasteless piece of trash I've seen in a long time. You bring shame to the United States of America. You are even sicker than parts of the country and world around you. How dare you talk about the First Amendment to the Constitution and freedom of the press?

—C. Arnold de Roode
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

Freedom of the press and freedom of speech are fragile concepts that must be protected. The best way to do that is to constantly keep Americans informed when either of these precious rights is threatened by government policy or by self-appointed vigilante censors. What is "trash" to one person is often treasure to another. We're sure you'll find someone who agrees with your thinking, however, in this month's Asshole of the Month, William F. Buckley Jr. (see page 17 of this issue). ♪

GRAFFILTHY



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World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

Married women have affairs not for sex but for communication. That's the opinion of sociologist Lynn Atwater, who says her study of unfaithful wives revealed they're seeking emotional--not physical--release. Far from feeling guilty about adultery, most of the women reported that their affairs led to personal growth and self-discovery. Journalist Linda Wolfe reaches similar conclusions in her new book "The Cosmo Report," a sex poll of 106,000 female readers of "Cosmopolitan" magazine. While researcher Alfred Kinsey found in 1953 that 26% of wives had "fooled around," Wolfe sets today's figure at 54%. "Apparently," she writes, "women now feel that infidelity, once chiefly a male province, is theirs to explore as well." Wolfe adds that while revenge can be a motive, loneliness and isolation more often push women into affairs because they feel psychologically isolated from their husbands.

In Italy the government is cracking down on that time-honored expression of flirtatious machismo, fanny-pinching. The woman behind the movement--a member of the Italian government--warned that men who tweak female bottoms could face up to a full year in prison. The law "means a new deal for all women," one Italian policeman said.

A Seattle University professor says an employee who smokes costs his or her company an extra \$5,620 a year. Professor William Weis bases his estimate on additional costs due to such factors as absenteeism, higher health-insurance premiums and increased fire risks. The biggest factor in his estimate is "lost productivity due to time spent smoking," totaling \$2,710. That's figured on the basis of an average of 30 minutes per day wasted in the "smoking ritual."

Recently stripped of two London casino licenses, Playboy Enterprises Inc. announced the tentative sale of all its lucrative British gambling facilities at a price securities analysts consider low. Playboy Enterprises--which publishes "Playboy" magazine--agreed to sell five casinos (plus half-interests in two others) and 80 betting shops to a British television firm for \$31.4 million. These assets produced nearly \$40 million in pre-tax operating earnings last year alone, and in recent years have generated more than two-thirds of Playboy's total pre-tax earnings. Derick J. Daniels, Playboy president, said the decision to sell was "largely prompted by the emphasis which British authorities are placing on . . . foreign control (of such gambling facilities)." Daniels added that he prefers having the organization put its resources into businesses over which it will have "direct control." Last October, British authorities revoked the licenses of two of Playboy's swank casinos after determining that millions of dollars of credit had been illegally extended to high-rolling gamblers.

Officials in Fresno County, California, have asked prostitutes for help in a campaign to control gonorrhea. The county health department has issued the hookers special cards detailing their immunization records, and suggests repeat VD checkups every two weeks. The cards do not identify their holders by profession, and all the information is confidential. The health department also provides prostitutes with condoms and holds special lectures so they can recognize VD symptoms in themselves and their customers.

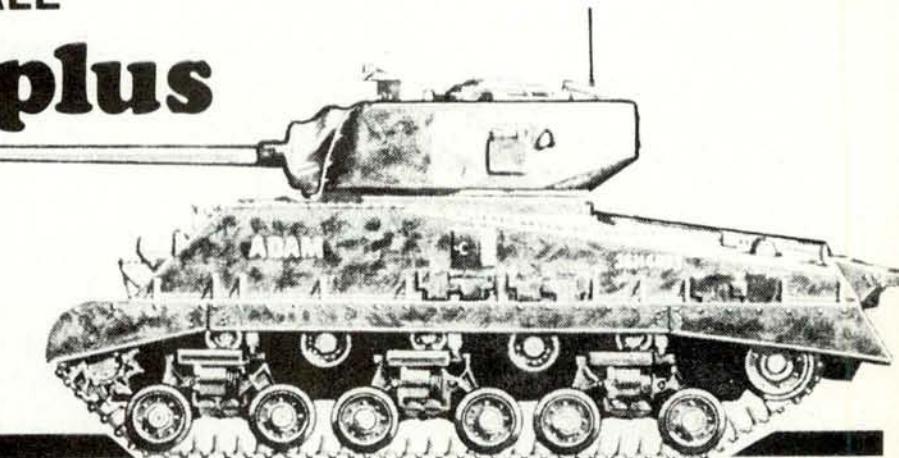
A "swinging" Australian airline pilot has helped researchers identify the cause of a rare sex-related ailment called coital cephalgia. The pilot reported that when he made love to any of his seven mistresses around the world, he suffered a blinding headache. But there were no ill effects when he had sex with his wife. Referred to a clinic near London, the pilot had his blood pressure monitored while he was with his English mistress, and again when he was with his wife. Tests showed the pilot's pressure shot up rapidly during his extramarital encounter, and that caused the headache. The pilot was treated, and now claims things are "fantastic." 

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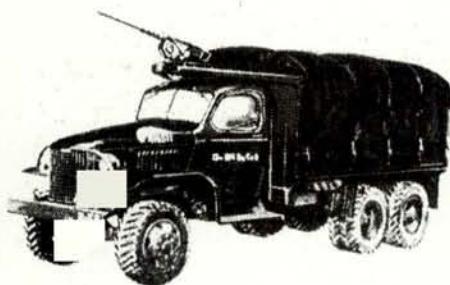
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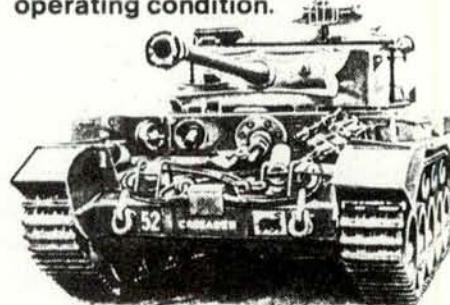


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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: HUSTLER, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Edited by Rieva Lesonsky

One Ball: My son was born with an undescended testicle. The doctor says it's nothing to worry about, but my wife and I are concerned anyway. Will my kid grow up to be normal? —S. K.

Edina, Minnesota

Many males are born with one testicle down in the scrotum, the sac in which it belongs, and the other one still up in the abdomen. In most of these cases the undescended testicle drops into the scrotum on its own during infancy. If that doesn't happen, surgery is recommended before the child turns five, and is necessary because an ignored undescended testicle has an increased chance of becoming cancerous.

In some rare instances the undescended testicle already shows signs of tissue disease. Before any major problems result, it is surgically removed. But don't be alarmed. Enough sperm and the male hormone testosterone are produced in one testicle to ensure normal male growth. Sexual desire, potency, orgasmic function and even fertility are unaffected by the lack of one ball. After removal of a testicle, doctors can insert a silicone replacement. This safe device erases worries about how a guy looks with just one testicle.

Some children are born with both testicles still in the abdomen. This condition requires strict medical supervision, because if at least one of the testicles doesn't reach the scrotum before the onset of puberty, their sperm-producing capability will be destroyed.

Nymphomania: I have a sexual thirst I can't seem to quench. I want to have sex constantly. Is there really such a phenomenon as nymphomania? Even though I enjoy sex, I'm afraid I might be a nymphomaniac, and it worries me.

—K. M.
Boise, Idaho

What do you mean by nymphomania? All women go through periods when their sexual desire is at a peak. There is nothing wrong with having a strong sexual appetite, but satisfying it so vigorously could be an unconscious attempt on your part to solve some underlying psychological problem. In that case it might not be sex you're after, but attention, affection or Prince Charming. Some women,

following a divorce or rejection, turn to sex to reaffirm their desirability. Other nonorgasmic women desperately seek the one "magic" penis that can make them feel fulfilled.

According to Dr. Saul Rosenthal of the University of Texas Health Sciences Center, there are very few nymphomaniacs. Furthermore, true nymphomaniacs are people who don't derive any sexual satisfaction from their activities. Since you're enjoying yourself, don't worry about it. There's no need to put a label on sexual enjoyment.

Brown Cum: I'm afraid there's something seriously wrong with me. I'm 65 years old, and lately I've noticed that when I come, my semen is sort of a brown color, like dried blood. I'm afraid to go to the doctor; so what should I do?

—V. P.
Paramus, New Jersey

As men get older, their prostate gland—which produces most of the fluid that combines with sperm to constitute semen—often acts up. Your brown ejaculate sounds like it could be a sign of prostatitis, an inflammation of the seminal pouches attached to the gland. This condition is common in men, and is not an indication of serious disease.

However, there is no way to know for sure what your problem is unless you visit a doc-

tor. Many people are reluctant to see a physician about diseases concerning the genitals, because they're afraid to "hear the bad news."

You need to overcome this fear. Chances are, anything you have, a doctor's seen before. In your case the physician will conduct a simple urinalysis. If the results are normal, and you have no other complaints, you'll probably be given a prescription for some antibiotics, and the inflammation should clear up. In addition, some doctors prescribe small amounts of estrogen, a female hormone that stops secretions from the seminal pouches. These secretions could, in fact, be causing your problem.

Once a man contracts prostatitis, it can recur quite often. As long as you're aware of the nature of the problem, and know it's not a serious illness, you'll be able to handle any relapses with additional doses of medication.

Heart Attack: I had a heart attack six months ago, when I was 57. I feel pretty good physically, but I can't seem to regain my sex drive. Before my coronary my wife and I had sex at least twice a week. Now, even though my doctor says it's okay to have sex, I'm lucky if I can get it up. What's the matter with me?

—M. N.
Overland Park, Kansas



"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned... I murdered a priest."

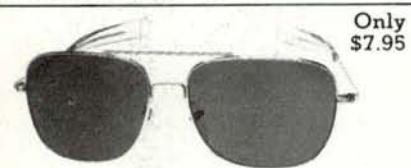
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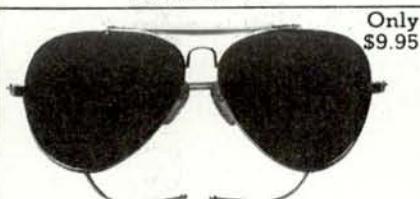
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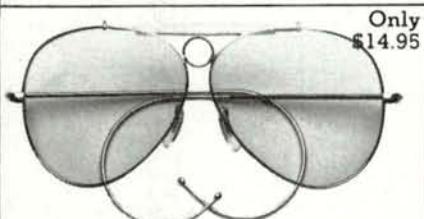
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Many men are hesitant to resume sexual relations after suffering a heart attack, because they fear the physical exertion of sex will bring on another coronary. Your current bout with impotence might be caused by that fear.

Recent medical studies prove this apprehension to be unwarranted. One study of the heart rate of postcoronary patients during sex showed no more strain on the heart than would have been the case if they had climbed several flights of stairs. Other studies have indicated that neither the man-on-top nor the woman-on-top positions is too exhausting for men who have had heart attacks. As long as your doctor says it's safe to have sex, you should have no problem.

Through folklore, we hear of many men dying from heart attacks while engaging in sex. Actually, the percentage of men who suffer a fatal heart attack as a result of sexual activity is extremely small. In fact, studies have shown that men who do suffer coronaries during sex are not having sex with their wives, but with other women. In these cases the sex (and the heart attack) generally follow a rich meal and many drinks. But again, these are rare occurrences; so don't worry about resuming your sex life... if your doctor gives the go-ahead.

Burst Condom: Last month, during sex with my old lady, my rubber broke. Since we don't want any kids at this point, we panicked. My lady immediately doused, and we prayed like crazy. What should we do in case this happens again?

—L.J.
Ames, Iowa

If a condom is your chosen method of birth control, you should always keep some type of contraceptive spermicidal foam, jelly or cream nearby. When a rubber breaks, pull out at once. Fill your partner's vagina with the contraceptive; then wait a while, to let the spermicide dissolve completely. If you're going to continue having sex, be sure to put on a new rubber before resuming.

Years ago an old wives' tale said douching was an excellent birth-control method. It's not true. Douching after ejaculation can drive sperm through the cervical opening, after which they will travel through the reproductive tract to meet the egg.

Since you and your lady had an "accident" during sex, she should be especially alert for signs of pregnancy. If her period is even a few days late, she should see a doctor immediately.

Withdrawal: When my boyfriend and I have sex, he draws his penis out right before he comes so, he says, I won't get pregnant. Now he tells me that if we fuck standing up, his cum will drip out of my vagina, also preventing me from getting pregnant. I'm not sure I believe him. Should I? —A.D.

Sacramento, California

Neither practicing the withdrawal method nor having sex while standing up will keep a fertile woman from conceiving. There is the belief in some medical circles that if you stand up during sex, a larger proportion of the ejaculate will indeed drip out of the vagina. However, the tiniest amount of semen contains thousands of sperm, each of which can fertilize an egg.

In the overwhelming majority of men, most of the sperm is found in the first two spurts of ejaculate. This sperm then mixes with the mucus found at the cervix and travels through the reproductive tract to find the egg.

As for your use of withdrawal as a means of birth control, remember — there does not have to be penetration of the vagina by the penis for a pregnancy to result. Some semen may dribble from the penis before the man is ready to ejaculate and withdraw. Also, sperm ejaculated outside the woman can make its way through the vagina and still fertilize an egg.

Don't believe your boyfriend. You have to face reality. Inadequate birth-control methods are not something to be taken lightly. Either engage in alternate sexual activities (such as oral sex) when you make love, or visit a doctor or clinic to find a reliable birth-control method with which you feel comfortable.

Tight Pants: My wife and I have been trying to have a baby for the past 18 months. Even though we both "passed" our fertility tests, we've had no luck so far in our attempts to conceive. I read somewhere that tight pants can cause sterility. That sounds ridiculous, but I do like to wear pretty snug clothing. What do you think? —J.J.

Perigould, Arkansas

As silly as it sounds, it's true. Pants and underwear that are too tight can cause temporary sterility in males. Sperm is manufactured in the testicles. For the sperm to form normally, the temperature of the balls must not get too high. One of the reasons the testicles hang below the body is that the 98.6° average body temperature is too warm for sperm to live in.

When a man wears jockey shorts or tight pants, his balls are lifted, bringing them closer to his body and causing their surrounding temperature to rise. The heat kills off a lot of sperm, or they never even have a chance to form.

When nationally syndicated columnist Abigail Van Buren ("Dear Abby") wrote about this factor, she received many letters from men swearing their "sterility" problem disappeared a few months after they abandoned their body-hugging clothes for boxer shorts and looser pants. Unfortunately, the converse is not true: Wearing tight pants is not a reliable birth-control method.

Bits & Pieces

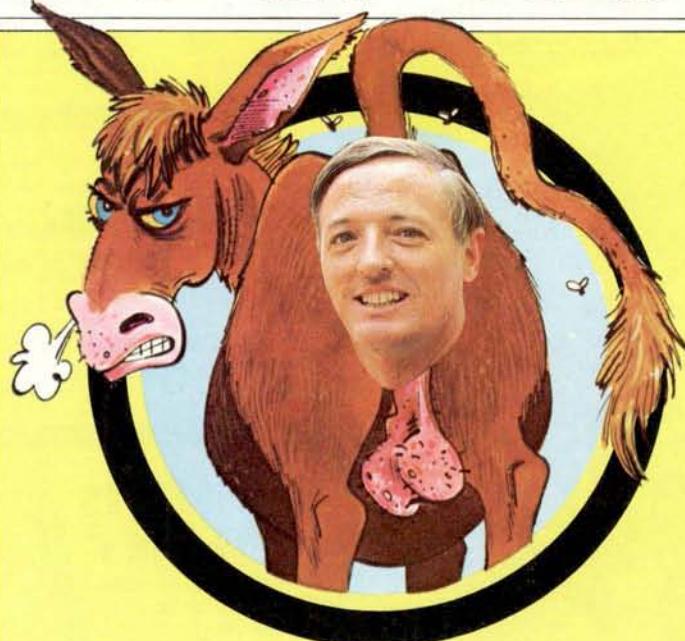
Usually when we read columnist William F. Buckley Jr.—with a dictionary in one hand and a bottle of aspirin in the other—we wish this self-appointed Apostle of the Conservatives would use simple words.

Buckley's recent attack on HUSTLER Magazine came as no surprise to us. Over the years, we've stood by as he's unleashed his intellectual venom against blacks, Jews, liberals and anyone else he perceives to be an enemy of the state. Now it's time to grant him a long-overdue honor, Asshole of the Month.

In a column last November, Buckley took on a task even the U.S. Supreme Court has been unwilling to tackle: drawing a line between what is good literature and what is trash. In his view good literature—although he never defines what it is—deserves First Amendment protection. Trash—like HUSTLER—doesn't. And who's going to make the distinction? Censors, book burners and vigilante groups like the Moral Majority are a few of his possible choices.

Before attacking the illogic of Buckley's column, it would help to know more about the man himself. This son of a self-made oil millionaire grew up in and around Sharon, Connecticut, and from his earliest days appears to have been violently anti-Semitic. When a Jewish family bought a house in Sharon, the Buckleys went bananas.

Three Buckley children later signed confessions admitting they had vandalized a church—pouring honey on pews and inserting obscene photographs in the Bible—because the broker who sold the house was married to the minister of that church.



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

William F. Buckley Jr.

Twenty years later William Buckley's hatred for Jews had not diminished. On a syndicated radio show in 1964 he said, "They [the Jews] tend to construct an engaging political myth, centered around the Hitlerian experience, which more or less suggests that Hitler was the embodiment of the ultra-Right."

Evaluating Senator Joe McCarthy, whose reign of terror during the 1950s destroyed hundreds of lives with his vile blacklisting of suspected Communists, Buckley chirped: "[McCarthyism is] a movement around which men of good-

will and stern morality can close ranks."

As publisher of the ultra-Right *National Review*, Buckley has become notorious for representing egghead masturbation at its worst. Nowhere is that better illustrated than in his column attacking HUSTLER.

"What appalls," he writes, "is not the survival of [books like] *Catcher in the Rye* in public libraries, but the nature and quality of the arguments used to justify their being there." What more justification does he need than the First Amendment?

Buckley then describes a series of historical events that

led to HUSTLER. In 1933, he says, James Joyce's novel *Ulysses* was judged by the courts to be a work of literature, not obscenity. In Buckley's view that judgment opened the door to publications like HUSTLER. He sees self-appointed censors as protecting the "pigtailed 15-year-old" who would go to the neighborhood drugstore to buy HUSTLER.

He ignores the fact that HUSTLER is not available to 15-year-olds. Also, he forgets that HUSTLER has gained a reputation for delivering hard-hitting investigative journalism and award-winning fiction. Buckley condemns without having his facts straight.

But that's nothing new for him. In this particular column he also states it is the obligation of every moral American to censor, or remove from circulation, books and magazines found to be "trash." Such bird-brained thinking ignores the fact that the best censor is the marketplace. If 10 million Americans didn't read HUSTLER every month—and obviously find ideas and beliefs they admire—Larry Flynt would have quit publishing years ago.

But the most frightening aspect of Buckley's illogic is that censorship, like cancer, rarely stops on its own. It's just a short step from determining what is acceptable literature to deciding what is acceptable sex. From there, self-appointed censors could decide what is an acceptable race or religion.

No, Mr. Buckley, it is not the right of an American to tell every other American what he or she cannot read, speak or think. Anyone who believes that is a blithering troglodyte or—in plain language—an Asshole.

Television Shows You'll Never See



THE LOVE BOAT PEOPLE

Take a cruise with the starving refugees and their wacky captain. The fun never stops—because nobody wants them.

9PM

EIGHT IS TOO MANY

A ghetto family accidentally gets a prescription for fertility drugs! Can a one-room apartment hold this many laughs?

10PM

HILL STREET JEWS

Join the toughest Hebrew cops on the force as they track down a deli clerk who tried to kill a sale.

8PM

Well, the new television season has come and gone like a breath of stale air. Whether due to pressure from the Moral Majority and other bluenoses for bland programming or just a simple lack of creativity, the network lineups have sunk to an all-time low.

Here are HUSTLER's suggestions for shows that would give television watchers something to get excited about. If the viewing public wants "real people"—here they are!

Only One Thing on Their Minds

There's never been a more perfect blooper than this one from a Connecticut newspaper. In reporting how HUSTLER won a legal suit, the typesetter obviously couldn't get his mind off the magazine. Maybe the paper should've used some "pink-out" to correct the error.

'Hustler' magazine absolved of wrongdoing in painting satire

(c) 1981, Los Angeles Times
LOS ANGELES — Hustler magazine was
gratuitously wrong in printing a

the "most caricatured painting of all time." It was the second time Mrs. Graham filed suit to protect her own and her brother's images. In 1968, she sued Playboy after that magazine less version of the stern-faced farm because her

Hustler and its owner, Larry Flynt, had tried to counter-sue Mrs. Graham for abuse of court process, claiming she tried to damage the magazine's reputation and force a money settlement by publicizing her suit.

Neither Hustler Magazine, nor any of the persons involved with the subject publication intended at any time to hurt or disturb plaintiff Nan Wood Graham," former Hustler managing editor James Heinisch stated in court documents. "Indeed, we were not even aware of her existence," he pointed out that nobody could conclude "attributing the painting to Thomas A. Smith, was any way discriminatory statement's were

Foster dismissed. attorneys argued that any court procedure to compel anyone to publicize the lawsuit.

In an interview at the time the suit was filed, Mrs. Graham said that the picture in Hustler "makes me feel sick. I feel like I have been dragged through the gutter."

She said she feared that readers would think she authorized use of her picture. Her attorney, John T. LaFollette, said she never did.

Mrs. Graham posed for the original "American Gothic" over a year ago. She is a dental

9 YEARS WITHOUT TAKING A LEAK.



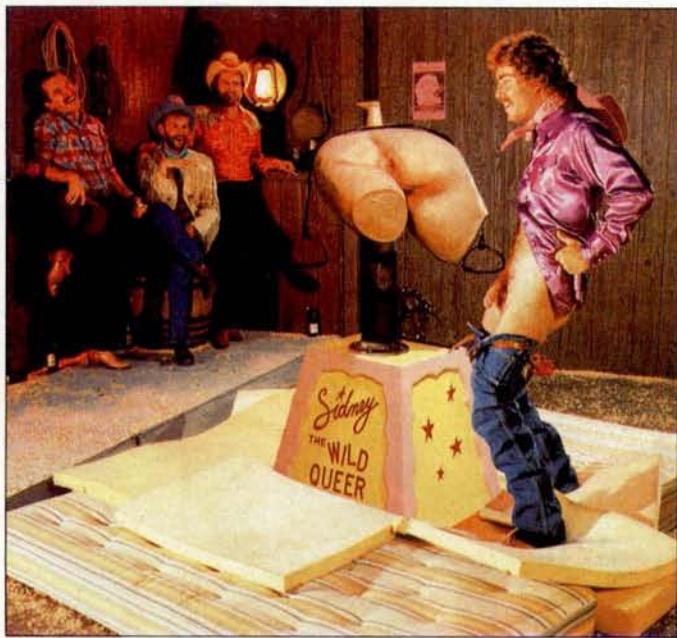
John Stout of Monroe, Michigan has had a pair of waterproof "Survivors" for 7 years. Ernest Krieger of Boston has had a pair for 16 years. And they haven't had a damp toe yet. If you take good care of your Survivors, they'll keep your feet cozy and perfectly dry for a long, long time.

How long? We really don't know. But **HERMAN SURVIVORS** you just might set a new record.

Dry Spell

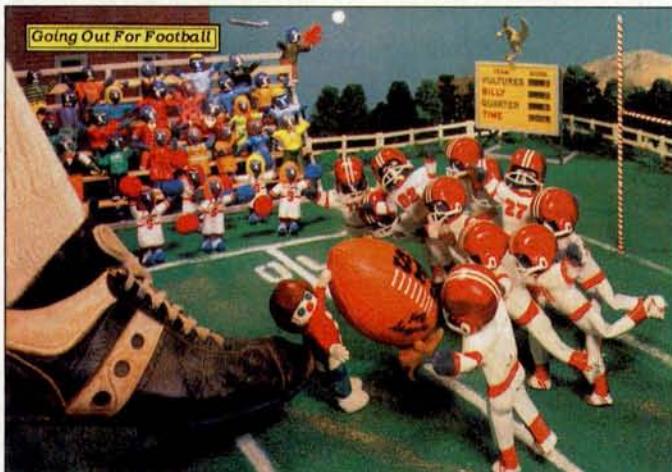
We don't want to know how the shoe held out . . . what we want to know is how the guy held out!

If the Herman Survivors boot company wanted an ad that gets attention, this is it. When the flood does finally break, though, we're not sure even a pair of Herman Survivors could keep his socks dry.



Mechanical Bulls for Gay Bars

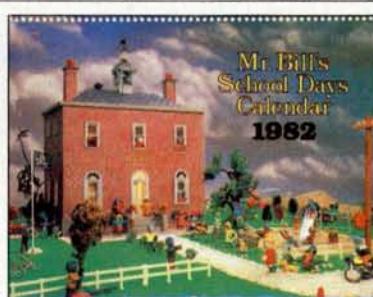
The guys at cowboy-style gay bars don't want to ride bulls; they want to ride asses. So here's the hip-shakingest, earth-quakingest, asshole-achingest ride that ever hit the Mild West—Sidney the Wild Queer! Why do you think they call 'em cowpokes anyhow?



O C T O B E R

Every Day Is Friday the 13th

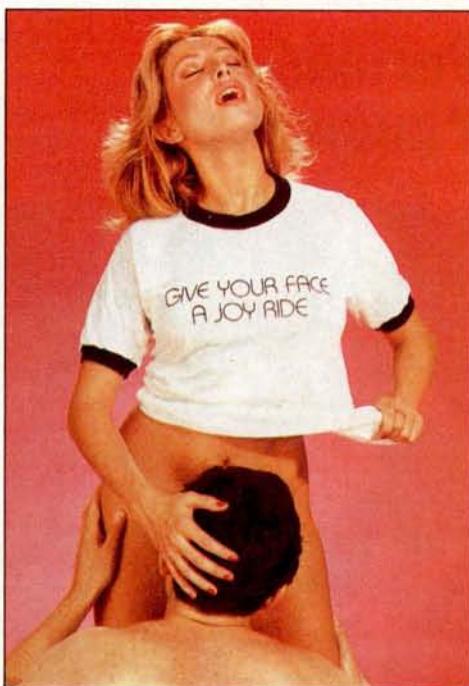
Since Mr. Bill is no longer a regular feature on *Saturday Night Live*, how are his creators keeping the lovable lump of clay alive? It's the Mr. Bill School Days Calendar for 1982. Every month, you can see what new and devious method the cruel Mr. Sluggo has cooked up to destroy Bill and his unlucky dog, Spot. It's in most bookstores, or you can contact New American Library (1633 Broadway, New York, NY 10019) for information.



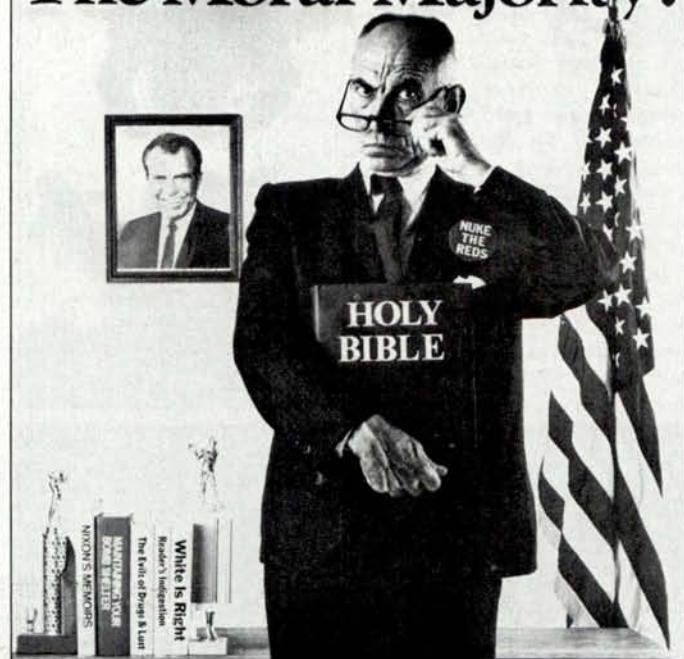
Listen to Your Clothes

How could any guy in his right mind pass up a terrific invitation like this one? And she's certainly fulfilling the shirt's obligation to a T.

Made by Screen Stars for Propinquity (P.O. Box 69440, Los Angeles, CA 90069), the shirt is available for \$11 plus \$1.50 for postage. Go for a ride.



Are you a member of The Moral Majority?



1. Do you have sex less than twice a month?
2. Were you upset when The Donny and Marie Show was cancelled?
3. Was Richard M. Nixon your favorite president?
4. Do you hate Rock 'n' Roll?
5. Do you believe in having a threesome with Ronald & Nancy?
6. Do you have flagpoles in your front yard?
7. Is your idea of eating out... taking your wife out for a quarter pounder?
8. Do you think the E.R.A. is a new legal detergent?
9. Did your mother chaperone your honeymoon?
10. Do you have the commie pinks who pervert and corrupt our youth?
11. Is your idea of a great time... lemonade and cornmeal cookies?
12. Do you believe that Jerry Falwell is the Second Coming?
13. When you hear the phrase 'Deep Throat'... do you think of Watergate?
14. Is Bechtold Fox Boxes still your favorite movie?
15. When you're on an elevator, do you stand along with the Mazak?
16. Do you feel the need to be a leader—like... well, the man on top?
17. Do you keep your mouth closed when you kiss?
18. Do you still think that Coke only comes in 12 oz. bottles?
19. Do you think people that smoke Marijuana should be executed?
20. Does this poster offend you?

If you answered yes to five or more of the above questions, then you are a true bonafide member of THE MORAL MAJORITY!!!

Hang 'Em High

Hot on the heels of the popular "Are You a Preppie?" poster comes this new poke at the Moral Majority. It's available

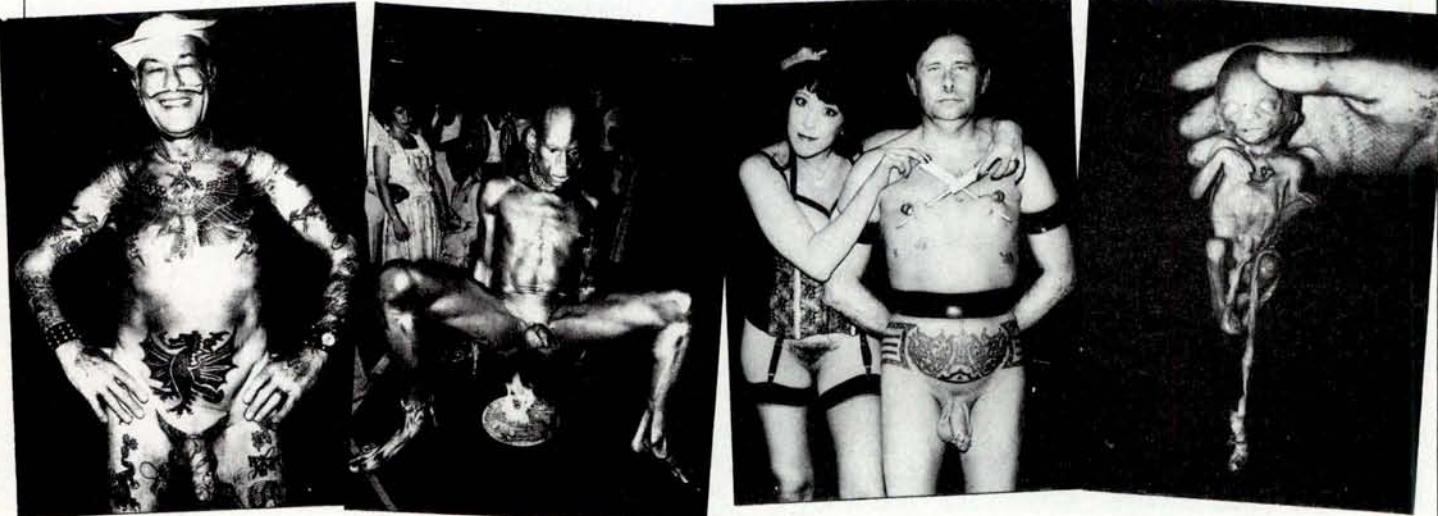
from Insanity Factory Graphics (1716 Main St., Suite 184, Marina Del Rey, CA 90291) for \$5 plus \$1 for handling. Great for hiding any moral stains on the character of your wall.

Forbidden Photographs

These five are typical of the people you'll meet in the world of photographer Charles Gatewood. His new book, *Forbidden Photographs* (\$50 plus appropriate sales tax from Flash

Publications, P.O. Box 745, Woodstock, NY 12498), is chock-full of painful images, including S&M, transvestism, nipple torture and, last but not least, a tattooed fetus. (Even we

found this one disgusting!) In other words, not the type of forbidden photographs Dad used to hide under his socks in the dresser drawer...unless your last name is de Sade.



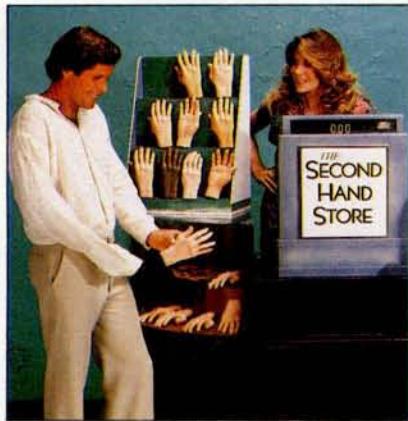
The Art of Sci-fi

Most of us have difficulty bringing sex and fantasy together. Many of us have difficulty bringing sex and *reality* together. But for Boris Vallejo, erotic fantasizing is his living. These superbly executed works were part of Vallejo's exhibit at tattooist Spider Webb's upstate New York gallery to promote the artist's upcoming book, *Mirages* (Ballantine). If the whole volume is as hot as these paintings, it should burn a hole through the racks.



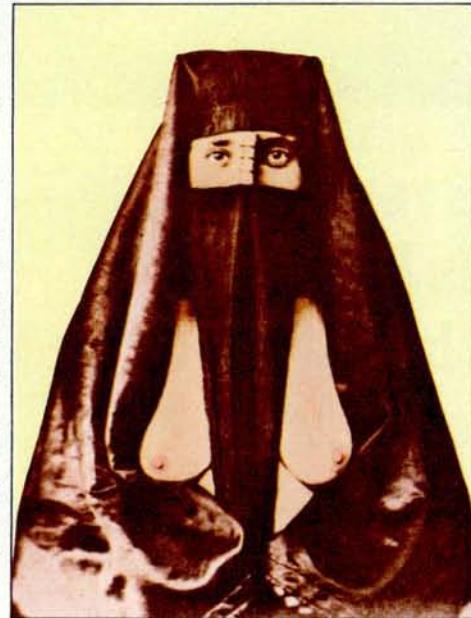
Fits Like a Glove

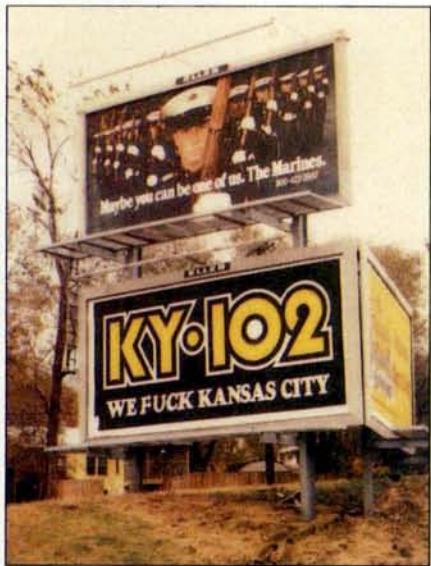
Here's a store where the clerks always give the customers a hand with their selections. We wondered what was sold in places like this, and now we know. It's the only shop where you can take a five-finger discount and not get busted for shoplifting.



Is This Why Camels Hump?

When we first saw this photo, we thought it was a circus freak—half-woman, half-Greek Orthodox priest. In reality it's an antique French postcard featuring the tits of an Arabian delight. What's interesting is that she's exposing her breasts, but at the same time she's following the Muslim custom of covering her face. Seems like a case of misplaced modesty to us.





Stick It in Your Ear

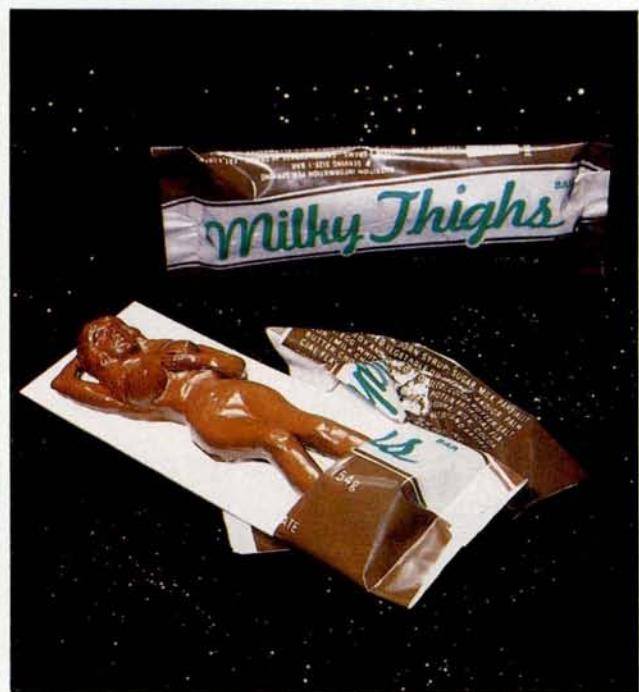
Have the KY Jelly people come up with a new product? Nope, it's just a case of billboard vandalism. HUSTLER doesn't condone such actions, but replacing rock with fuck sure does change the ad's meaning. Now there's a radio station that turns you on!

The Creme de la Cream

We bust our asses to make *every* issue the best of HUSTLER. But this, without a doubt, is something special.

If you can believe it, we've even found a way, through painstakingly thorough procedures, to improve this year's BEST OF HUSTLER over all the previous volumes. We've taken the most popular and outstanding items from the last year's worth of HUSTLERS and combined them into a powerhouse package you can't afford to miss. Plus we've added a collection of all-new *Beaver Hunt* photos and more of our gorgeous girls than ever before.

Be sure to keep an eye out for BEST OF HUSTLER #7 at your favorite magazine rack, or send \$3.95 plus 50¢ for postage and handling to Flynt Distributing Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).



Good Enough to Eat

The aging of the candy-munching baby-boom generation and the trend toward more natural snack foods for children have caused some changes in candy-bar marketing. You may have noticed how the Hershey company has added some new products to attract an older, more sophisticated buyer. But if candymakers really want to grab the over-18 guys' attention, why not a candy bar with sex appeal? And for the ladies who like something soft and slippery between their lips, there might be a male candy bar—with nuts, of course.

Ads We'd Like to See

Beauty is just around the corner.



COVERED GIRL
MAKE-UP FOR THE DEAD

Last Chance!



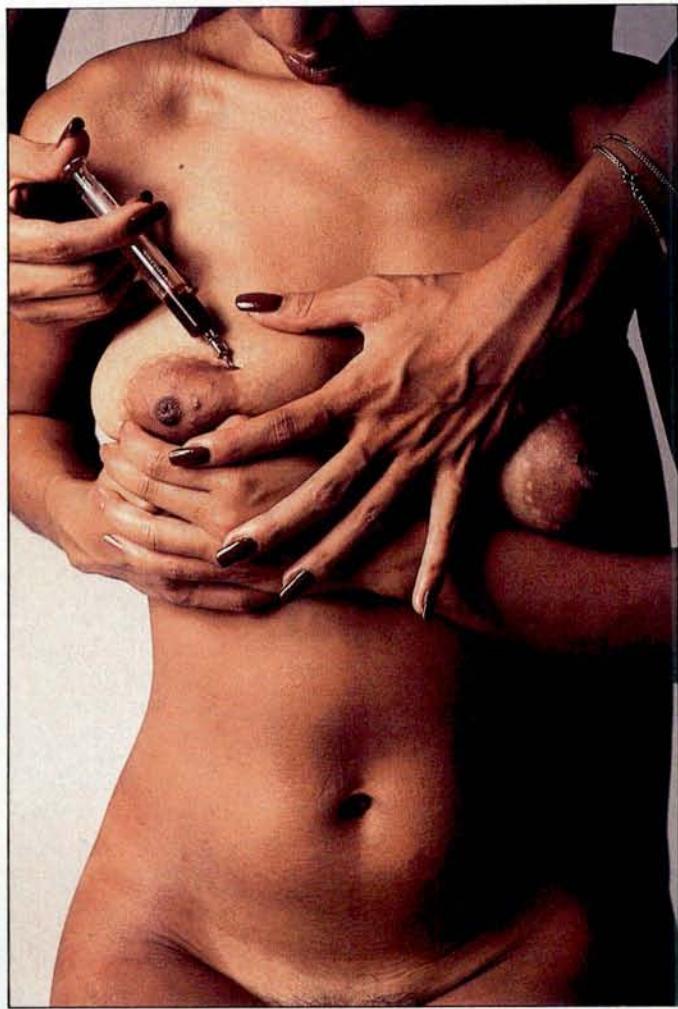
In case you've been out of the United States training Libyan terrorists, or you're a member of the Weather Underground and haven't kept up with the new mags — LOVERS is still available. If your local newsstand is out, just send \$3.95 plus 50¢ for postage and handling to Flynt Distributing Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).

LOVERS is the hottest collection of caught-in-the-act couples around, and a collector's item too. Remember, special editions only increase in value!

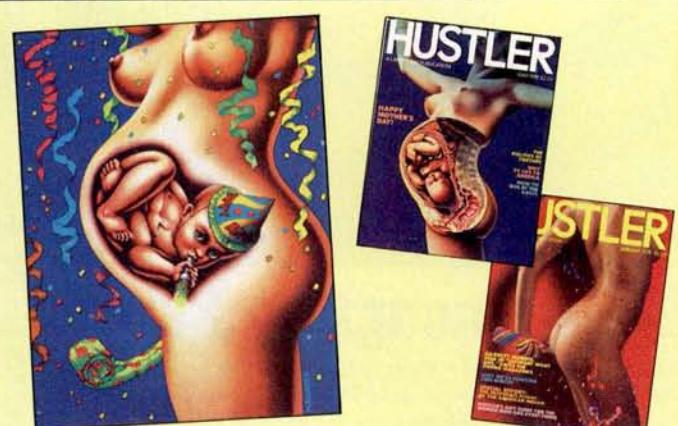


If You Can't Screw the Cap Off...

Here's just the thing to open beer bottles for that lazy hubby as he wastes his time playing poker or watching *Monday Night Football*. While that uncaring slob ignores you, you can quietly drift off to the bedroom and diddle yourself into ecstasy. Available for \$28 plus \$2 for handling from Pleasure Chest Sales Ltd. (20 W. 20th St., New York, NY 10011).



Nursing a Needle This is one of a collection of photos by Hawaiian photographer Jean-Jacques Dicker, all featuring a woman drawing blood from her breast. While we suspect this is a special effect and not the actual puncturing of a breast, the results of the shooting are interesting. The combination of the beautiful and the repulsive has long intrigued artists, inspiring them to create pieces that are gruesomely fascinating. Dicker's photo certainly achieves that.



Ripped Off—Again

in 1980. We don't mind that our visuals inspire flights of imagination in other artists—but this is a skyjacking!

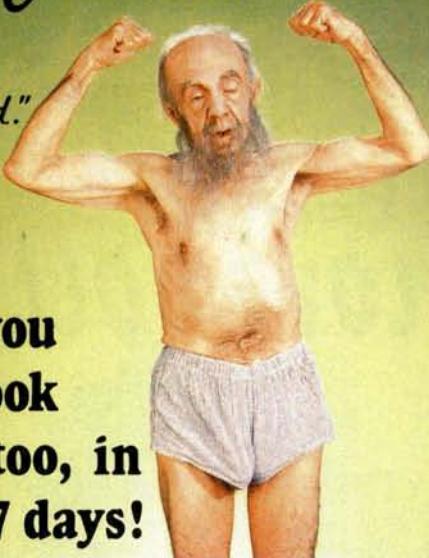
Hasn't Aged a Day Since He Died

If you've had the opportunity to do any light reading lately, you may have noticed that kids' comic books are still running the same ad for Charles Atlas' body-building course that ran when *you* were a kid. Remember the ad for his "Dynamic Tension" program that promised you tremendous results in only seven days? And it even continues to display a photo of Charles flexing his biceps. The only difference now is that Charles Atlas has been dead since 1972. He flexed his last before many of today's comics-reading generation were born.

If you want to look like he does today, people won't kick sand in your face—they'll shovel it over you.

"I'm Charles Atlas..."

and
I'm dead."



**And you
can look
dead too, in
only 7 days!**

HUSTLER Update

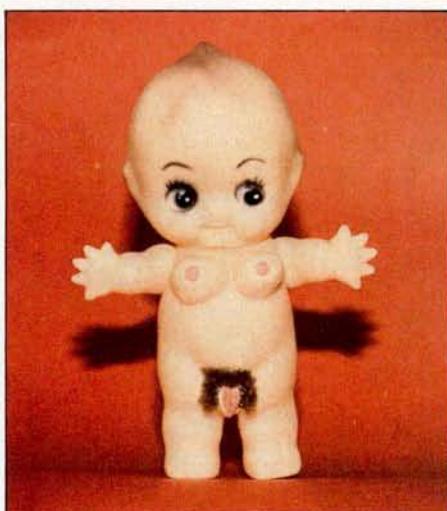
MEN'S MAGAZINE REVIEW

January '82



The introduction to our review told how its author, Gerard Damiano, has been made a target of censorship and government harassment for making landmark adult films like *Deep Throat*. Recently the U.S. Supreme Court voted to let stand federal obscenity convictions, fines and prison sentences imposed in Memphis, Tennessee, on the producers and distributors of that movie, including Gerard Damiano Film Productions Inc.

The producer was fined \$10,000 and sentenced to six months in jail. One man involved in distribution of the film received a five-month sentence and a \$3,000 fine, while a second figure involved was sentenced to two months in jail and a \$2,000 fine. Damiano's firm and Bryanston Distributors Inc. were each fined \$10,000.



Baby Love

This reader-submitted snapshot finally clears up the old mystery, "Where do love dolls come from?"

Of course, sex shops keep them in the back room until they mature. Otherwise they'd be guilty of contributing to the inflatability of a minor.



Blowing Your Brains Out

HUSTLER wants to remind all of our drippy-nosed readers that winter can be a very depressing time of year. Heating bills, bad weather and car trouble can combine to get you down.

But no matter how tough things become, don't do this, especially during the cold season. 'Snot funny.

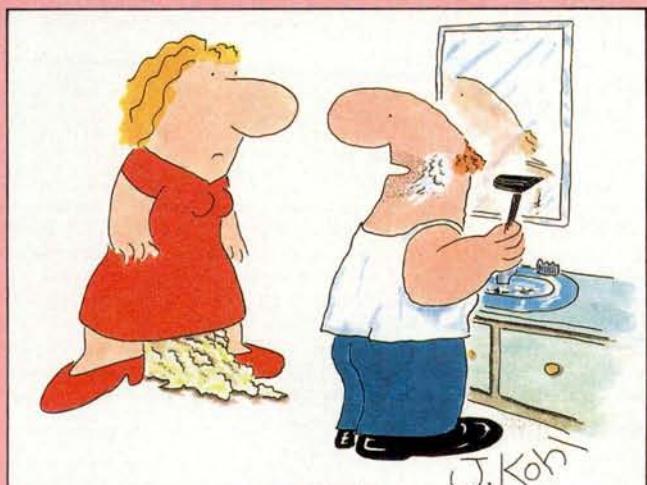
HOSPITAL HORRORS

June '81



Stories of patient abuse continue to make news following our article on doctors' incompetence. In California the Court of Appeal has upheld a \$1.95-million award to a woman who lost both breasts and part of her shoulders and thighs as a result of injections to enlarge her breasts. Dr. Frank Gaunt of San Jose had injected Mary L. Nelson with silicone in 1968, assuring her the injections had "absolutely no side effects." Five months later, Nelson detected the first lumps in her left breast.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"I'm out of shaving cream. Can I borrow some of your yeast infection?"

Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for Bits & Pieces items. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose SASE). For March, \$150 and thanks to Kenneth Bird, David Burd, Ann Castoria, William Chapman, Jean-Jacques Dicker and A. D. Skocelas.

"I FEEL LIKE A REAL GIRL... AND I'LL MAKE YOU

FEEL LIKE A REAL

MAN!"

SOLID

NOT
INFLATED!

LIFE SIZE LOVE DOLL

SOFT, SILKY
SKIN WARMS
TO TOUCH...
A FIRM BODY
THAT YIELDS TO
YOUR GENTLE
CARESS



ANGIE

Introducing Angie, the 5'2 bundle of sex that's ready to love you any time (and any way) you want. Her smooth skin and silky hair, her soft, sponge like (not inflated) body

and limbs make her so humanlike that when you close your eyes you can make believe she's a genuine girl. You've heard of "Baby Alive". Well, this baby's **really** alive, with all the equipment needed to do things for you that you secretly desire.

FROM ONLY
\$39.95

NEW DESIGN, SOLID, NOT INFLATED



Don't confuse Angie with other life size love dolls. She is not inflatable; she can't leak or puncture and go flat. Her soft vinyl skin is filled with resilient foam that

will easily support your weight. It gives a little and bounces back... like real flesh. **Angie costs more — but what a difference!** She's the closest thing possible to a real girl, yet she'll always keep your secret because she can be collapsed to hide in your closet.

SHE TALKS TOO!!!

That's right, Angie is available with a special optional package that lets her talk to you! You'll love her cute young voice as she gently puts you in the mood for what's coming up! And you'll be surprised at what she likes to talk about in the privacy of your room... tut, tut such naughty words from such an innocent girl!



SHE'LL DO
ANYTHING AND
EVERYTHING TO
PLEASE YOU!

DETAILED BREASTS FRENCH & GREEK FEATURES



Angie has arms & legs that look real, firm shoulders that fill out a blouse, perfect 34C breasts with perky nipples that cry out to be tweaked. She has a soft, red-lipped mouth that opens, a soft, fleshy pubic area that's complete in every way and 7" deep, a tight, cuddly ass, the kind you've seen in those tight pants and always wanted to touch. As if this weren't enough, Angie's soft vinyl skin warms to human touch. She's so real you'll want to eat her.

USE ORDER BLANK BELOW
IF MISSING SEND TO:
Mail Mart, Inc., Box 44241
Panorama City, Calif. 91412

MAIL MART, Dept. CHB90

Box 44241, Panorama City, Calif. 91412

Gentlemen: Please rush Angie to me as quickly as you can (as described below).

- Regular Angie Doll with Three Love Openings \$39.95
- Deluxe Angie with Electronically Pulsating Vagina \$49.95
- Deluxe Pulsating Angie with Soft Sexy Voice option \$62.95
- Pulsating, Talking Angie + Furry Frontal Hair & Sexy Panties \$72.95
- Extra Wigs, \$10 ea. Blonde Black (Angie's reg. hair is brunette.)
- Special Vac-U-Suc Companion (Sucks Like Crazy!!), add \$10

TOTAL AMOUNT \$ _____ Cash Check Money Order

- Here's a \$10 deposit. I'll pay balance - \$3 in COD service fees to the postman. (No CODs outside USA.) Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.
- I'm enclosing an extra \$3.50 for Airmail shipment.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Glenn Hunter

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

Never So Deep

Fully Erect. Produced, directed and written by Gerard Damiano; starring Loni Sanders, Maria Tortuga, Chelsea McClane, Lysa Thatcher, Sonya Summers, Brooke West, Jean Damage, Mike Ranger, Paul Thomas and Richard Pacheco.

When producer Gerard Damiano wants a film to be hot, it's sizzling. And when he wants a movie to be funny, it's hilarious. So what happens when he wants a production to be both? The answer is *Never So Deep*, a picture that may be the best sex comedy of the year.

To say that Damiano is irreverent and fearless in his choice of material is an understatement. In previous flicks he's gazed into the future of sex as we know it, examined our sexual psyches and lampooned all manner of stereotypes and myths. Now he's sharpened his pen and focused his camera to take a good-natured swipe at the porn industry.

Never So Deep is the story of magazine magnate "Huge Heffer" (Paul Thomas) and his frantic search for the world's best cocksucker. It seems that after years of being immersed hilt-deep in the world's finest twat, the jaded Thomas has become almost uninterested in sex.

In the back of his mind, though, is the memory of a



Private detective Loni Sanders checks out a hot tip in 'Never So Deep.'

young woman he'd met at one of his ritual orgies—a striking lady with a butterfly tattooed on her ass (Maria Tortuga). Like that winged creature, the woman had proven elusive and quickly fluttered away.

Despite his enormous wealth and resources, Thomas' long

quest for Tortuga has been fruitless. But then he contacts detective Ginger Trueheart (Loni Sanders) and her constant companion (Mike Ranger).

When Thomas' secretary phones Sanders at home to tell her The Great One requests an audience, the secretary in-

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



FULLY ERECT

Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.



HALF ERECT

So-so. This may get you off, but it's limited in technique.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.



TOTALLY LIMP

A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.

quires: "Do you know how to get to the mansion?"

"Sure," Sanders quips. "All you need are great tits." The tone for the movie is set, and the search is on.

Sanders quickly determines that the object of Thomas' affection once made her living as a dancer, and hits San Francisco's strip-joint row to try to pick up her trail. Meanwhile, Ranger does a little sniffing of his own, showing three ladies that he's more than qualified as a private dick.

After a frustrating hunt and loads of laughs, a solid lead develops. The lady being sought is working in films. "Porno?" Sanders gasps.

"Worse," Ranger replies.

"What's worse than fuck films?" someone asks.

The answer: TV commercials.

Needless to say, the sleuths bag their quarry, and the magazine mogul is united with the girl of his dreams. Thomas is happy, Tortuga is happy, Sanders and Ranger are happy, and—most important—you'll be ecstatic.

While so many of today's blue-movie producers are trying to make the great R-rated crossover film, Damiano keeps the craft of the finely polished sex movie alive. *Never So Deep* is a prime example of his unsurpassed craftsmanship. From the script to the photography to the acting, everything about this film is excellent. See *Never So Deep*. You'll never forget it.

—Jim Heinisch



'Never So Deep': Sanders gets a rise out of companion Mike Ranger.

Between the Sheets

6 Three-Quarters Erect Produced by Michelle Ames; directed by Anthony Spinelli; written by Michael Ellis; starring Seka, Veronica Hart, Annette Haven, Vanessa Del Rio, Chelsea McClane, Arcadia Lake, John Leslie, Richard Pacheco, Joey Sivera, R. J. Reynolds, Randy West and Eric Edwards.

Although a "love affair" between an antique bed frame and a new mattress may sound about as exciting as a glass of iced tea, there are some steamy moments in *Between the Sheets*. This latest offering from director Anthony Spinelli features several talented stars in vignettes that, taken together, might have made for one of the year's blockbusters. Unfortunately, it didn't happen. While three of the stories are truly dynamic, the rest leave you with the feeling you must have missed something.

Between the Sheets tells the story of a talking, 200-year-old brass bed that attempts to "seduce" its new mattress by recounting all the affairs it's experienced since the Revolutionary War. The bed runs the gamut of American history—



Arcadia Lake and Eric Edwards in a climactic moment from 'Sheets.'



Randy West relishes a tasty encounter with Vanessa Del Rio in 'Sheets.'

from the struggle for independence to the 1960s sexual revolution—before finally managing to get into the mattress's well, inner coils.

The first flashback finds Annette Haven as a naive colonial lass about to surrender her virtue for some imported tea offered by a weaselly Tory (R. J. Reynolds). Reynolds' acting is atrocious, and so is the resulting sex scene with Haven. While competently performed, the next episode with Veronica Hart and Richard Pacheco never really gets off the ground either.

Some of the ensuing scenes, however, make up for the film's slow start. The third features Chelsea McClane and Joey Sivera as two spaced-out hippies who get it on while tripping on acid. It's followed by a neat encounter between "mobster" John Leslie and his "moll," Seka, as well as a witty segment coupling Randy West with Vanessa Del Rio.

Allowed to break out of her usual role as a hot tamale, Vanessa plays a gum-popping 1950s chick who won't shed her angora sweater until her boyfriend comes across with the ring. Once he does, she's out of her clothes and all over West with a passion that should jog more than just a few memories.

Beautifully costumed and photographed, *Between the Sheets* emerges as a pleasant, straight-sex movie that should appeal widely to couples. When the sex is good, it's both sensuous and highly erotic. And when the acting is good, it's great. Now if the flick's producers had just concentrated on consistency.... —J. H.

home on the day they occurred.

(Apprehended by police last December, Holmes is slated to give his version of the bizarre events in an upcoming issue of CHIC.)

All this serves as important background for Julia St. Vincent's new documentary, *Exhausted*—an intelligent, entertaining look at the star that was completed just one week before the slayings. From the lyrics of the film's opening song ("He is a mystery . . .") to the clips of Holmes playing the tough, gun-toting detective Johnny Wadd, the viewer will be struck by how closely this guy's life came to imitate his art.

Any story of Holmes' porn career must begin, naturally enough, with his cock—an uncircumcised, 13½-inch monster that blond bombshell Seka likens in an interview here to "20 pounds of swingin' meat." The actor himself says it's "bigger than a breadstick but smaller than a compact car," and reveals that he wears it either on the left or right side of his inseam, depending on "how nasty" he's feeling.

Through more than 50 well-edited segments pairing Holmes with foxes like Annette Haven, Jesie St. James and former HUSTLER Talent Coordinator Laurie Smith, there's ample opportunity to see the "swingin' meat" in action. Unlike some run-of-the-mill "Best of" flicks, the sequences in *Exhausted* have been put together with obvious care.

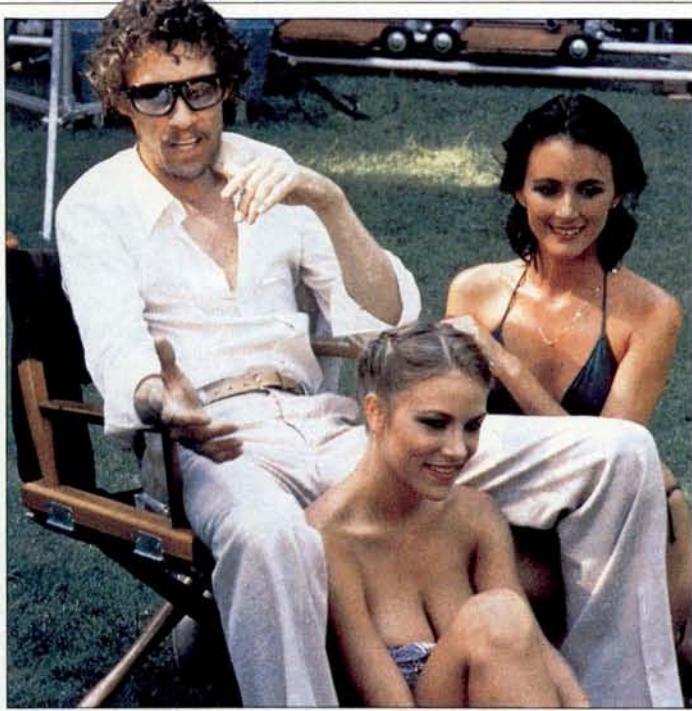
Exhausted

6 Fully Erect. Produced and directed by Julia St. Vincent; including works of director Bob Chinn; starring John C. Holmes, Seka, Annette Haven, Jesie St. James, Georgina Spelvin, Kitty Shane, Felicia Sanda, Laurien Dominique, Linda Wong, Laura Toledo and Laurie Smith.

(Last July, porn star John C. Holmes vanished in the wake of the bludgeoning deaths of four people at a home in California's Hollywood Hills. Holmes had been questioned by Los Angeles police as a key figure in those murders, believed to be an underworld revenge hit for the robbery of another residence two days earlier. The actor reportedly knew the victims and the prime suspects in the killings, and is said to have been seen at the Hollywood



'Sheets': West and Del Rio are '50s kids who do it every way they can.'



Star John C. Holmes with Laura Toledo and Laurie Smith in 'Exhausted.'

Leading into one, for example, is a brief interview with a woman who'd observed the shooting of Holmes' 1975 film *Tell Them Johnny Wadd Is Here*. She recalls that Felicia Sanda—one of the female leads—had originally insisted on faking her sex scenes with the star. When the cameras started to roll and the two began petting, however, Holmes turned Sanda on so much that she practically begged him to fuck her. Then we see footage from the scene itself.

Exhausted is notable too in that it treats neither Holmes nor the subject of sex too seriously. In a filmed discussion between the legendary performer and his longtime director, Bob Chinn, John jives that he likes working with Chinn because "he allows me to block my own sex scenes."

Grinning, Chinn retorts: "I don't allow you to do that," and they both crack up.

Structured loosely around the lengthy interview with Seka—who comes across like an X-rated Tammy Wynette—*Exhausted* is so named for Holmes' claim to have had sex with some 14,000 women. Whether that is true or only celluloid hype, you can't much argue with the film's portrayal of the guy as the original outlaw stud. In light of recent events, that image just might be real.

—G. H.

Cheryl Hannson, Cover Girl

G Half Erect. Produced, directed and written by Alex de Renzy; starring Cheryl Hannson, Nicole Black, Misty, Joey Sivera, Paul Thomas, John Leslie and Michael Morrison.

If you're looking for an X-rated picture that delivers plenty of raw, sometimes-imaginative sex, see *Cheryl Hannson, Cover Girl*. But if you'd prefer a film that delivers more—like decent acting, for example—you may want to spend your hard-earned bucks somewhere else.



'Exhausted': Toledo, Smith and the legendary Holmes enjoy a sexy net effect.

Actually, the storyline of this latest Alex de Renzy production isn't half bad. The major problem with the flick is Cheryl Hannson herself. Said to be a real-life magazine model, Hannson should never appear in front of any camera that records sound. Since no self-respecting "star" can be upstaged in her own movie, the performances of the entire cast suffer as a result of Hannson's presence.

Cheryl Hannson, Cover Girl is a murder mystery of sorts. Playing a model in search of a new agent, Hannson heads for the office of one Max Fowler, a notorious lech. Unbeknown to her, an intruder kills Max just as she's arriving for her appointment. Cheryl unwittingly "auditions" for the murderer, then discovers the body of the real agent.

Can she provide the police with a description of the killer? Hardly. The only thing Cheryl recalls is a tattoo on the culprit's thigh—she saw it while giving him head. The dragnet goes out for the man with a tattooed thigh.

Led by "police inspector" Joey Sivera, the investigation culminates with the killer's arrest. Along the way, the viewer is treated to lots of low camp humor and a load of sex, including one particularly hot scene involving an obscene phone call, Hannson and Sivera.

It's too bad that *Cheryl Hannson, Cover Girl* doesn't live up to its billing as "de Renzy's latest and greatest film." Although the production is horny and has a few good moments, overall it's a real disappointment.

—J. H.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

A Girl's Best Friend

Amanda by Night

Blonde Ambition

Indecent Exposure

Neon Nights

Nightdreams

Nothing to Hide

Outlaw Ladies

Pandora's Mirror

Talk Dirty to Me

The Best of Gail Palmer

The Dancers

The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue

Wicked Sensations

Three-Quarters Erect

Ball Game

Delicious

Extreme Close-up

Garage Girls

Girls U.S.A.

High School Memories

Inside Seka

Same Time Every Year

Sex Boat

Taboo

The Tale of Tiffany Lust

Urban Cowgirls

Half Erect

Afternoon Delights

Aunt Peg's Fulfillment

Blue Magic

Centerfold Fever

Extremes

Flash

Manhattan Mistress

Skin on Skin

Sunny

The Filthy Rich

The Tiffany Minx

Woman in Love

One-Quarter Erect

Silky

Sweet Cheeks

Tinseltown

Totally Limp

Honey Throat

Hot Dallas Nights

Naughty Network

Starship Eros

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

New York Nude

By Charles R. Collum; Amphoto Books, 1515 Broadway, New York, NY 10036; \$27.50.

Here's a fun book—and it's also a beauty. Charles Collum, with a fine eye and good humor, went out and around in New York City asking all kinds of people if they'd like to pose nude for his new work. A surprising cross section of them did, including a cop, a cabbie, a countess, a call girl, a salesclerk, a prince, the entire staff of a literary agency, a couple of lady lawyers and a lot more.

This is not just a collection of anonymous nudes. Each and

every photograph is captioned with the subject's real name and where he or she works. It really is as much a social study as a collection of photographic art.

Collum is a fine photographer. He also must be an amiable and winning personality to get the "models" he did. He previously put together *Dallas Nude* (reviewed in HUSTLER, September 1978), and is working on the same kind of book about Los Angeles people. Maybe then we'll find out if the East Coast is all that different from the West Coast.

Now I'll shut up with the words and let you look at the pictures.



Porno-movie actress Annie Sprinkle is one of many 'New York' nudes.



'Nude' offers revealing photos of everyday people like this couple.

Women Who Kill

By Ann Jones; Fawcett Columbine Books, 1515 Broadway, New York, NY 10036; \$7.95.

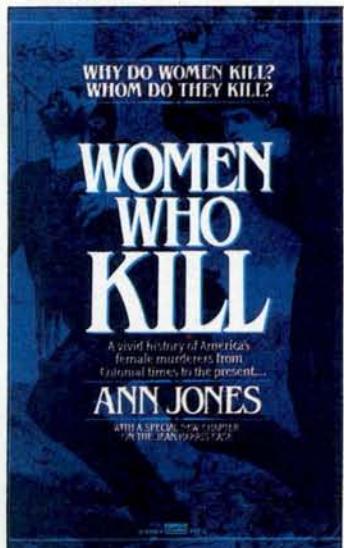
On the cover of this book, over the title, are the words "Why do women kill?" After you finish reading Ann Jones' thoughts, you may well ask, "...and why the hell not?"

Make no mistake about it—Jones is a furious feminist. Her work is not merely a rundown of famous female murderers throughout American history. It is also an attempt to get at the social conditions that create such killers. And in Jones' view, much of the blame belongs to the historical treatment of women as abused, second-class citizens.

She makes her case well, contending that in virtually all past considerations of female criminality the right questions have never been asked. "Why," she demands to know, "is it a crime for a woman on welfare to have

a lover? Why is it a crime to be raped by your father?"

"In 1876," Jones writes, "Susan B. Anthony was arrested and fined for voting. A 20th-century psychiatrist has retroactively diagnosed Anthony as a masculine, sexually maladjusted woman. To the criminologist that would explain why she became a criminal. But



it would not tell us why casting a ballot, a civic duty for a man, was a criminal offense for a woman."

Jones has researched her subject thoroughly, using court records, newspapers, scientific papers and all kinds of published studies in her attempt to get at the truth. When she can't, she says so honestly.

Going back to the earliest days of the American colonies, she has dredged up horrifying stories about the "recruitment" of women for the New World. Unwanted daughters were sold by their English fathers to colonists at a pretty fair profit. Many were pursued and punished like slaves if they ran away.

From this sordid beginning the author draws a picture of the plight of American women ever since—much improved, certainly, but still subject to what she believes is a continuous effort by men to keep them under domination.

While few would condone this treatment of women, Ann Jones' book is controversial because, after all, she is dealing with murder. Many will wonder if she is excusing the crime of

murder by women because of their historical repression. But the bottom line is that *Women Who Kill* makes you think. Women who are killers and women who are victimized are two subjects worth thinking about.

'Scuse Me While I Kiss the Sky

By David Henderson; Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10103; \$8.95.

One day a friend of mine—a young white composer, arranger, performer and all-around brilliant musician—set aside his solid-body Stratocaster guitar and reverently picked up a Jimi Hendrix tape cassette. "Hendrix," he said, "is my main man."

He knows as well as all of us that Jimi Hendrix is dead, having choked to death on his own vomit in London 12 years ago. But he said, "Hendrix is," not "Hendrix was." Death shuts down most people, but not all. Some "live" even after death,



'Scuse Me' depicts guitarist Jimi Hendrix's 1968 bust in Sweden.

often for a very long time. Hendrix is one such person.

Born in Seattle in 1942, Jimi Hendrix had a patchy education and a dad who was his driving inspiration—not so much in music as in the matter of never-quit, always-climb *living*. And climb Jimi did, to a place at the top of the world of rock guitarists, songwriters and singers. If there is a theme besides music to this book, it's Hendrix's drive. Performing or partying, he lived to the point of exhaustion.

Jimi Hendrix called his group the Experience, and this volume is an experience. Biographer David Henderson understood this flaming talent more than most people have, and knew how to relate his observations to the reader. He spent five years preparing this biography, and the result shows those must have been busy years indeed. 'Scuse Me While I Kiss the Sky comes as close as possible to an expression of Jimi's music without using a stack of amplifiers and a tower of speakers.

Aside from the dazzling subject, this book is impressive for two reasons. One is the detailed and very "inside" way the author describes the music,

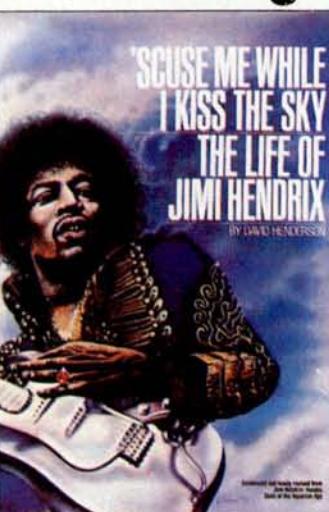
whether performed in concert, on record or in an informal jam session. Henderson seems to have picked up on every lick, every beat, every note of every performance.

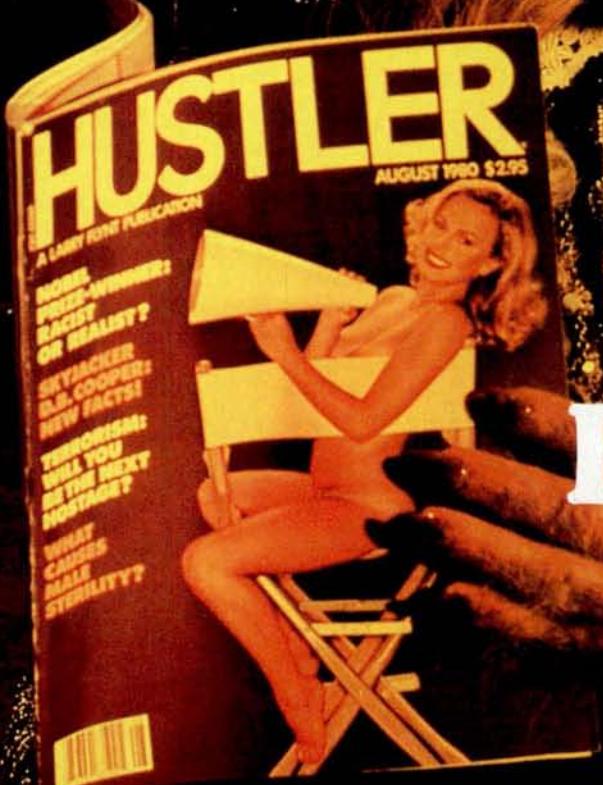
The second reason is the book's design, with full-page photographs of Jimi (each taken at different stages of his career) heading every chapter. There are other pictures here and there, but these chapter headings invite the reader to look at Jimi Hendrix with new eyes after each one.

'Scuse Me While I Kiss the Sky is highly recommended.



Hendrix (at left) is shown with one of his early bands in 'Scuse Me.'





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It's nearly Saturday midnight on the dance floor of a big-city disco. Over in one corner a guy in a vinyl jump-suit sniffs something out of a small bottle, then passes it to his redhead girlfriend, never missing a step. She inhales from the vial twice, then hands it to two gay friends standing nearby.

Suddenly, the redhead doubles forward, clutches her stomach and begins to puke a grayish slime. Sweat dripping from her temples, choking on her own vomit, she's helped off to the restroom as the music and the other dancers rave on.

The woman was an unwitting victim of the recreational drug butyl nitrite, commonly called "poppers." Poppers are in vogue at discos, at kinky sex parties and possibly in the apartment next door. Unlike the drug amyl nitrite, dispensed only by prescription, butyl poppers are readily available. And because they're perceived as mere "fumes" providing only a short-term high, they're widely believed to be as harmless as bubble-gum.

But it simply isn't so. In addition to the existence of such butyl-induced dangers as headaches, glaucoma and anemia, it seems that gay men—the most frequent popper users at this point—are dying from peculiar strains of some familiar diseases. And the one thing the victims have in common is their use of nitrite inhalants. Since heterosexuals are just as susceptible to these lethal diseases as gays, the problems are expected to worsen as poppers become more and more popular among straights.

To some, the word *poppers* has instant meaning. To others, it refers vaguely to the tiny glass capsules of amyl nitrite Uncle Charlie used to break open and sniff when he experienced chest pains. But the fact is, today's poppers don't "pop," and their primary ingredient is not amyl nitrite but butyl nitrite—a clear, strong-smelling liquid that decomposes when exposed to air and light.

Butyl is commonly sold in a small

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



SEX AND POPPERS: NOTHING TO SNIFF AT

by Patti Howard

container at adult-book stores, bars and head shops. The drug is usually brought out during disco dancing or in sexual situations, and induces an instant rush that many find pleasurable.

Recreational poppers are used by slightly removing the cap of the bottle, placing the nose close to the opening and inhaling deeply. Said to smell like dirty socks, the butyl produces its strong effects in less than 30 seconds.

Despite a common belief otherwise, these effects are nothing to sniff at. There are some immediate adverse reac-

tions to nitrite use: brief, mild headaches; dizziness; and flushing of the face and shoulders. Additional reactions may include vomiting, weakness, cold sweats and the involuntary passing of urine and feces. Large, frequent doses may cause a form of anemia.

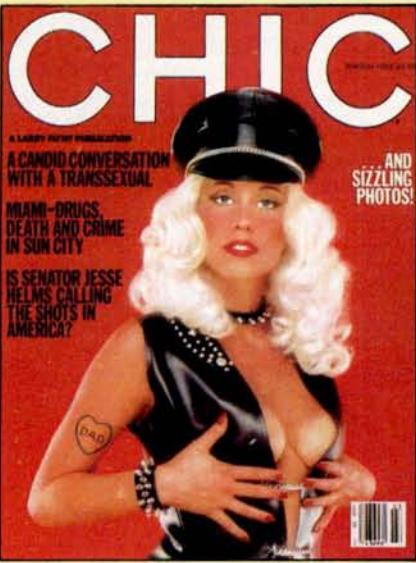
Since poppers increase the pressure of fluid in the eyes, a bout of glaucoma may be triggered, even if none had been diagnosed previously. The increase in pressure inside the skull may also be hazardous to anyone with recent cerebral trauma (which can happen simply from bumping your head on an open cupboard door).

But there may be other, much more dangerous effects of nitrite use too. One is a rare type of pneumonia that might be linked to some aspect of gay life, including the use of poppers. According to puzzled scientists at the Center for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta, 15 male homosexuals came down with the pneumonia during a recent nine-month period. Some died.

Another potentially deadly effect is a disease now appearing in the gay community: *Kaposi's sarcoma*. (Kaposi is the man who first identified it, while *sarcoma* translates commonly as "skin cancer.") An unusually lethal form of cancer that strikes without regard to a person's sexual orientation, Kaposi's sarcoma is normally seen in the United States at the rate of two cases per 3 million people—and then primarily in old men. Within the past three years, however, at least 41 cases of the cancer have been documented among male homosexuals alone.

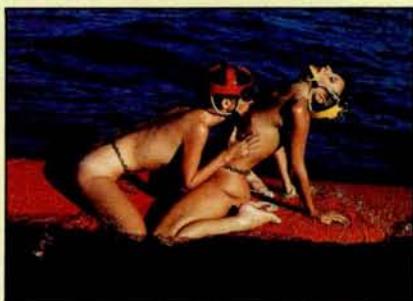
The connection between Kaposi's sarcoma and homosexuality is still not known. But nitrite inhalants are among the factors proposed as possible causes. One authority believes the relationship among various disease factors could begin with inhalants, which might in some manner weaken the body's disease-fighting capability.

Dr. Harold Jaffe of the Center for Dis-



THIS MONTH IN CHIC

MARCH ISSUE ON SALE NOW



MIAMI: DEATH OF AN AMERICAN CITY—Only a few years ago it was a vacation playground and a seemingly perfect retirement community. In May 1980, however, Miami erupted in one of the bloodiest race riots our nation has ever witnessed. Now its citizens live in fear. Ordinary people are forced to carry guns and wear bulletproof vests; the streets have become battlegrounds. How did it happen? Can anything be done to bring peace back to paradise? Michael Bane digs into the roots of the Miami disaster.

THE DRIFTER—Gabriel Jackson loves his freedom. With his Harley between his legs and the open road stretching before him, he roams the country unfettered by responsibility. When he meets Pamela, he sees through her rich-bitch facade to the imprisoned soul that yearns for escape. She is bound to her husband by the security he represents, and even Gabriel Jackson may not be able to trigger the release of her desires and teach her the value of independence. Sensuous, thought-provoking fiction from Lizze James.

SENATOR JESSE HELMS: THE POWER BEHIND THE PRESIDENT—Some call him a parliamentary genius. Others say he is a bigoted religious fanatic. Undoubtedly, he is one of the most influential men on Capitol Hill, with a pipeline to the Oval Office and a power base extending far beyond the confines of his native North Carolina. A moral and fiscal conservative, Jesse Helms could well be the architect of America's future. An uncompromising profile of an intriguing political kingpin, by Julian M. Weiss.

PLUS—The beautiful and the bizarre in ODDS & ENDS, startling conversations with a she-male and a karate-expert-turned-movie-star in CLOSE-UP, advertisers of the lustful kind in CLASSIFIED FOR SWINGERS, and another glittering covey of the world's most gorgeous women.

ease Control is reluctant to link gays' use of poppers to the growing number of Kaposi's cases—just yet. "We don't know whether [the disease relates] to inhalants or not," Jaffe says. The CDC has launched a nationwide study of Kaposi's to find if there is a difference in the use of inhalants between people with the illness and those without.

While nitrite's possible role in this form of cancer remains a mystery, we do know how poppers affect the body immediately after inhalation. The "blush zones" of the face, neck and shoulders turn red and warm, and there is a rapid, soaring sensation sometimes accompanied by distorted images or visions. These effects peak, level off and disappear in three to five minutes.

Although it appears to be a stimulant because the heart starts to beat rapidly, butyl nitrite is classified medically as a depressant. It relaxes the blood vessels, in turn lowering blood pressure and causing the heart to pump faster to bring the pressure back up to normal.

For whatever reasons, both men and women consistently say the use of poppers intensifies the act of sexual intercourse. When nitrite is inhaled shortly before orgasm, inhibitions seem to decrease, the climax is more spectacular, and the whole experience seems prolonged and more pleasurable. In fact, nitrite inhalants are regarded by some as the nearest thing to a true aphrodisiac.

There is at least one physiological basis for using poppers during sex, and that's with the practice of anal intercourse among straight and gay couples. The nitrite relaxes the sphincter muscles, reducing the recipient's discomfort. It's not surprising, then, that inhalants are so popular with homosexuals.

"I don't know of anyone gay who doesn't use them, or at least have them in the house for guests," says a gay-services counselor.

A review of the pharmacology of nitrite inhalants suggests that pure amyl nitrite may be safe when inhaled. But the butyl-based products now in widespread use could contain ingredients that cause different, unpredictable reactions. Some believe the possibility alone of poppers' appearance in the complex chain of cancer-causing conditions should result in thorough re-examination of its use.

One clinical psychologist with practices in New York and Los Angeles favors such a re-examination: "I'm having all my clients take a close look at their use of poppers and ask themselves, 'Is this what I want to put in my body?'"

For anyone into nitrite inhalants, that's a question that can no longer be ignored.

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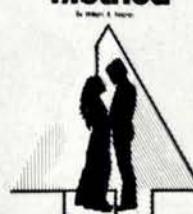
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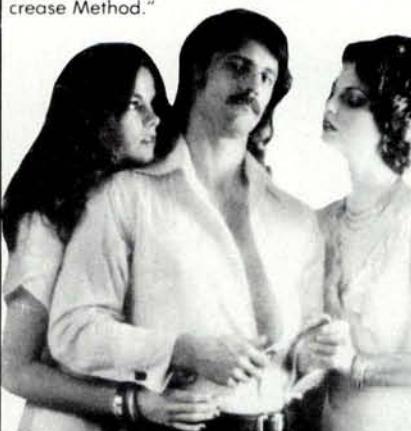
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DARRELL WALTRIP

THE HARD-DRIVING CHAMPION OF RACING

GLISTERING UNDER THE HARSH YELLOW GLARE OF FLOODLIGHTS, THE TWO BUICKS WHIPPED RELENTLESSLY AROUND THE NASHVILLE SPEEDWAY AT MORE THAN 130 MILES PER HOUR. PLAYING BUMPER TAG ON THE HALF-MILE OVAL'S SHARPLY BANKED CURVES, THE MODIFIED STOCK CARS DRIVEN BY DARRELL WALTRIP AND BOBBY ALLISON BARRELED SO CLOSE TOGETHER THAT THE RAISED LETTERS ON THEIR GOODYEAR RACING TIRES WERE ACTUALLY RUBBING AGAINST EACH OTHER. THEIR ENGINES SCREAMED LIKE ENRAGED BEASTS AS LAST JULY'S BUSCH 420 GRAND NATIONAL AUTO RACE DEVELOPED INTO A FRANTIC, TWO-WAY DOGFIGHT THAT LEFT THE OTHER 28 CARS IN CONTENTION NEARLY A HALF-LAP BEHIND THE LEADERS.

TENSE AND RIVETED BEHIND THE WHEEL OF HIS BUICK REGAL, WALTRIP WAS BARELY CONSCIOUS OF THE ASPHALT DISAPPEARING IN A BLUR BENEATH HIM. HIS SHOULDERS ACHED, AND HIS HANDS WERE BLISTERED FROM GRIPPING THE LEATHER-COVERED WHEEL. A WEEK-LONG BOUT WITH THE FLU HAD LEFT HIM WEAK AND

SLUGGISH. HIS DISCOMFORT WAS AGGRAVATED BY A MECHANICAL MALFUNCTION THAT CAUSED THE CAR'S POWERFUL 357-CUBIC-INCH ENGINE TO PUMP HEAT UP THROUGH THE FLOORBOARDS.

THE TEMPERATURE IN THE CRAMPED DRIVER'S COMPARTMENT WAS NOW MORE THAN 130°, LEAVING THE FLOOR METAL HOT ENOUGH TO SINGE HUMAN FLESH. IN FACT, WALTRIP HAD ALREADY SUSTAINED A THIRD-DEGREE BURN ON THE BOTTOM OF ONE FOOT, AN INJURY THAT WOULD BOTHER HIM FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON AND EVENTUALLY REQUIRE A SKIN GRAFT.

THE INTOLERABLE HEAT MADE BREATHING SO DIFFICULT THAT AT TIMES HE FELT HIS HEAD WOULD BURST. HIS MOUTH WAS PARCHED; HIS BODY, DEHYDRATED. ATTEMPTING TO HOLD HIS FEET ABOVE THE SCORCHING-HOT FLOORBOARDS AS HE WORKED THE GAS PEDAL AND BRAKES, WALTRIP BEGAN TO DEVELOP SEVERE CRAMPS IN HIS LEGS. HIS EYES BURNED FROM THE COMBINED ON-SLAUGHT OF ROAD SOOT, EXHAUST FUMES, SEARING HEAT AND THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE FLOODLIGHTS.

SUDDENLY, WALTRIP'S MIND STRAYED

PROFILE BY BOB ALLEN

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL GREGORY

from his physical distress. He slipped into a state of Zen-like concentration seldom experienced except by transcendental visionaries and world-class athletes. His mental energies focused on his furious desire to win. All obstacles to this goal were blotted out as he pushed his body far beyond its normal thresholds of pain and stress.

Waltrip's determination was intensified by the fact that he was running on his "hometown" track, not far from his residence in suburban Franklin, Tennessee. But there was an even greater pressure working on him. Every lap he led counted toward the season-long competition for the Winston Cup Grand National Championship, the highest award of the National Association for Stock Car Racing (NASCAR). At this juncture in the grueling season the only driver standing between him and the title was Bobby Allison.

Earlier in the year, a series of mis-haps left Waltrip a distant 18th in the points race. Among them were a broken distributor in the Riverside 500, a dropped valve at Daytona and a snapped drive belt in Atlanta. Since then he had shaken out of his temporary slump and battled all the way back to second place.

Waltrip still had painful memories of the 1979 season, when he somehow managed to blow a 219-point lead over Richard Petty before losing the Grand

National title in the final race of the season. On this night in Nashville, however, he took a major step toward reversing that crushing defeat, winning the three-hour-long race less than a car length ahead of Allison.

Waltrip's face was twisted with pain as he steered his Buick into Victory Lane. When he attempted to walk away from the car, his legs buckled under him, and he collapsed flat on his back in the dust. "This should put an end to the question as to whether race-car drivers are athletes," he said, lying on the pressbox floor for the post-race interview.

As he limped away to pick up his \$14,700 winnings, Waltrip couldn't help but feel good about himself. The brash, outspoken driver had moved past the legendary Fireball Roberts into 12th place on NASCAR's all-time list of money winners. And in the more immediate scheme of things he had done something even more important: shaved another 50 points off of Allison's point-total advantage.

At 35, already the youngest driver ever to pass the \$2-million mark in career earnings, Waltrip has emerged as the fiercest competitor in the nation's number-two spectator sport. By all indications he will dominate major NASCAR races for years to come.

At the same time, his sometimes-overly-aggressive driving habits—"cheating," some folks call it—have earned the

wrath of many of his colleagues. He has been known to throw his helmet, kick his car, yell, scream, and make heads roll among his pit crew after a bad race. At one time or another he has taken verbal potshots at nearly everybody in the racing world.

But to his credit, he has brought color and controversy to a once-conservative sport. In so doing, he has become the driver who the fans love to boo and the veteran who rivals hate to see bearing down on them in their rearview mirrors. Even those who don't like his style, either on or off the track, admit he is the man most responsible for breaking open the front ranks of Grand National racing, which for years was dominated by a mere handful of participants.

"It got to where you could almost count on Petty, David Pearson or Cale Yarborough winning, and it got kinda boring," says one old-timer. "Then up popped Waltrip. He started talking it up that he could beat those guys. He went out and showed he could."

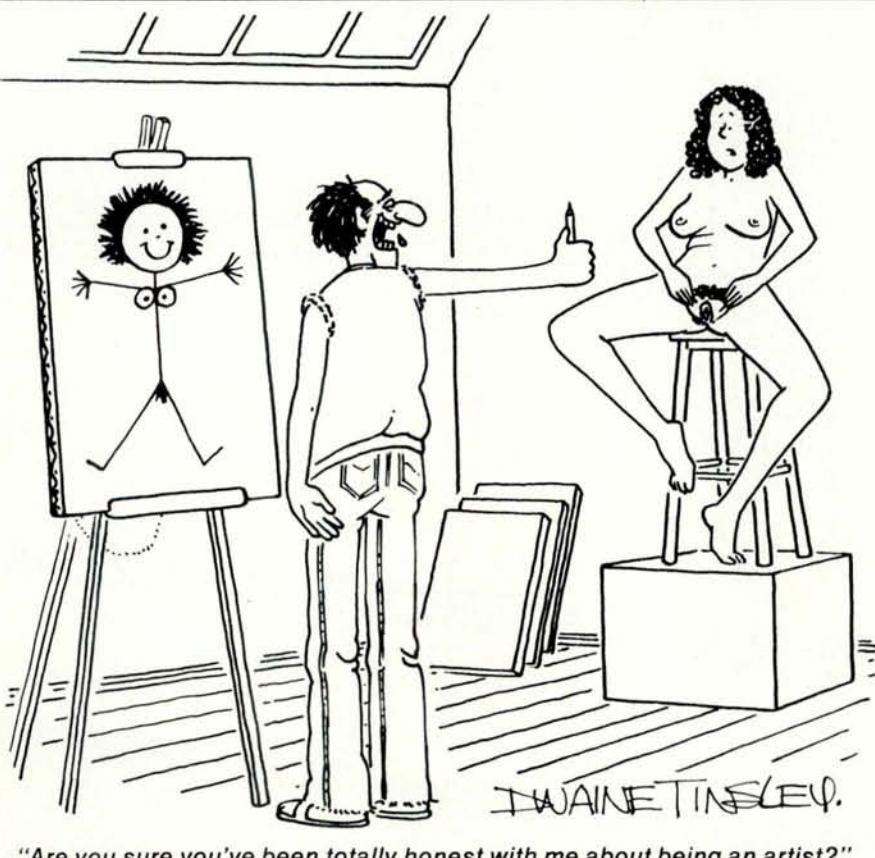
Unfortunately, a lot of people simply weren't ready to see their lifelong favorites getting left in the dust by a brash newcomer who had no qualms about calling the shots the way *he* saw them. Even today the jeers and catcalls often drown out the applause when Waltrip is introduced before a race.

"Nobody wants to see their heroes beat," Waltrip shrugs, identifying for a brief moment with his detractors in the grandstands. "Nobody wants to see Superman get whipped, or the Lone Ranger get shot, or Jack Nicklaus beat Arnold Palmer. Some people never get over the shock. They come looking for the guy that's doing it. When I first started winning a few Grand National races, getting booed was almost enough to make me quit. It really took some standing up and fighting for what I believed to get through this love-hate relationship with the fans."

Regardless of racing fans' fickle emotions, however, Waltrip has managed to warrant the begrudging respect of NASCAR legends who increasingly find themselves riding in his exhaust fumes. Richard Petty, whose seven Grand National championships and 195 career wins brought him the title "King of NASCAR," has jostled with Waltrip ever since Darrell started nipping at Petty's fender as a rookie a decade ago. Way back then Petty predicted that Waltrip might have a shot at the title one day—if he'd clean up his act.

"He could dominate the circuit without cleaning his act up," Petty now concedes. "Personalitywise, he's really come a long way."

(continued on page 48)







MUFF DIVER

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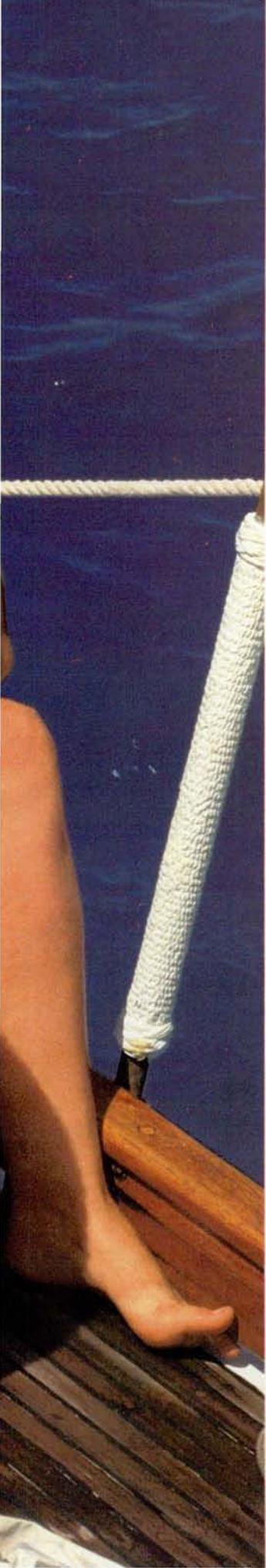


W!

hen Kyle climbed back on board his boat, he was glad to see Gail was waiting and ready to go. In seconds he had stripped off his wet-gear and begun diving for his new treasure. As the hot sun and warm sea winds worked their magic on the naked lovers, Kyle felt hotter than ever. Licking every square inch of Gail's smooth flesh, he felt a stirring in his loins that demanded satisfaction. First he took her hard and fast, then slowly, with great tenderness. Being an experienced muff diver, he knew how to use his tongue. When the long afternoon of lovemaking came to an end, Kyle and Gail rested in each other's arms, making plans for the evening's activities. Back at the hotel, they would take a soothing bath together, rub sunburn ointment on each other, and do what comes naturally . . . groan!















PROFILE: DARRELL WALTRIP

(continued from page 36)

"Darrell is the kind of driver who lets you know where he's coming from," says Dale Earnhardt, the 1980 Grand National champion. "He'd knock you through the wall if he had to, and I'd do the same. I guess you could say we share a mutual respect."

"There are times when Darrell's personality gets him in trouble, and times when it's a plus for him," adds Bobby Allison, the fourth-winningest driver in NASCAR history. "There are a lot of sponsors these days who are looking for someone like him to draw attention to their product. The future belongs to him. Nobody's standing in his way."

One of Waltrip's biggest boosters is Junior Johnson, the driver immortalized in a Tom Wolfe magazine article that was later turned into a movie, *The Last American Hero*. At a cost of \$75,000 apiece, Johnson built the seven Buicks Waltrip raced during the 1981 season.

"Darrell is a careful driver; he watches himself on the track," Johnson noted a couple of weeks after the Nashville race. He was seated in the garage-area lounge at the Talladega Raceway in Alabama, sipping a beer and wolfing down a hamburger while spooning some pork and beans directly out of the can. Last year, Waltrip joined forces with Johnson after the driver ended his stormy

five-year association with the Gatorade/DiGard team. The former bootlegger oversees the 32-man crew that keeps the Buicks fine-tuned and fueled.

"I think we both just have a great desire to win," he added. "That's what we both work for—all the time."

On this muggy July afternoon, Waltrip, Johnson and the rest of their crew were preparing for the annual Talladega 500, one of the most prestigious Grand National events. In just 48 hours, Waltrip, who won here in 1979, would try to become the first repeat winner in the race's 13-year history.

Time qualifications and practice runs for the Sunday event were under way on the 2.66-mile, 48-foot-wide asphalt super-speedway. Cars whizzed along the nearby straightaway at speeds occasionally exceeding 200 mph. In a matter of seconds they were mere specks of movement seen shimmering through the heat on the distant 33° bank of the far turn.

Although the race was still two days away, pit crews were already working on cars around the clock, making hundreds of precision adjustments to meet the track's contours and physical eccentricities. The air reverberated with the staccato of pneumatic wrenches and the clatter of revving engines.

"What makes Talladega different is sheer horsepower," said Waltrip as he gingerly limped into the drivers' lounge, still using a cane to take the pressure off

the foot he'd burned so badly in Nashville. He took a seat with some friends and listened to the other entrants' qualifying times piped in over the public-address system.

Waltrip was wearing white Adidas tennis shoes and a dirty pair of coveralls adorned with Mountain Dew and Winston patches. With his dark hair, clean-cut good looks and agile, 6-1 frame, he seemed in marked contrast to graying, middle-aged veterans like Allison, Petty and Yarborough, who were hovering around various parts of the garage area with their own crews.

Although he spoke with a Kentucky accent, he measured his sentences with the careful precision of one who doesn't like to waste time. Yet when Waltrip paused to address the question of his reputation as NASCAR's bad boy, he slipped into the disarming earnestness of one who really is trying to keep the peace with old adversaries. Never, he insisted, had he ever dealt in controversy merely for its own sake.

"This is a very emotional sport and, at times, a very depressing one," Waltrip began, searching for a simple explanation for his tempestuous behavior. "The highs and lows in racing are incredible. You can be a hero one week and not even be noticed the next. There are just so many things you can't control. I can only drive the car. I can't control how it's put together a hundred percent, and I can't control how smoothly the pit stops go. If I screw up on the track, then I'm more critical of myself than anybody is. But when somebody else screws up, I know it's them that did it too."

He paused to sip from a can of Diet Pepsi. "Now, if you have a team like I used to, where finger-pointing and blame become a real problem, and everybody's yelling at each other, it can really get unprofessional. That's the difference between my last five years [with the Gatorade/DiGard team] and this year with Junior."

On this very track in 1972, seemingly from out of nowhere, Waltrip literally zoomed into prominence by grabbing the lead in the Talladega 500, only the fourth Grand National event in which he'd ever run. He led the pack for seven laps—something no one could remember a rookie doing—until his engine blew.

Twelve months later, much to Waltrip's chagrin, he was passed over for NASCAR's Rookie of the Year honors. "They gave it to Lennie Pond because he was a good boy and I was outspoken," he said. "But it was a blessing in disguise, because Rookies of the Year have never done very well anyway."

After his brilliant Talladega debut it



Bil Mette



"Hey, dude, could you dig an unforgettable blowjob?"

took Waltrip another three years and 49 races to score his first Grand National wins, in the Music City 420 at Nashville and the Capital City 400 at Richmond, Virginia. While both of these short-track wins were significant, they still lacked the status that comes with victory at the larger speedways.

Waltrip's first success on a major NASCAR oval eluded him until 1977, when he outmaneuvered drivers like Petty and Pearson to win the Rebel 500 at Darlington, South Carolina. Then, just a month or so afterward, Waltrip won the Talladega 500, fighting off champions like Yarborough, Donny Allison and Benny Parsons on the final lap.

"There I was, out front with them breathing down my collar," he recalled with obvious satisfaction. "But when the four of us came down to the finish line, the Kid came out first. I just outran 'em."

"The first few years on the Grand National circuit were nothing but hard work. I had to learn all the tracks, just like a pro golfer has to figure out each different course. Experience is more important than anything."

Competing on the Grand National tour those first few years involved another critical factor: money—and plenty of it. Waltrip's substantial overhead included expenditures for engines and

other automobile parts, transportation costs and his pit crew's salaries. He survived at first with the help of a small trucking-company sponsor and his well-to-do father-in-law. But by the middle of 1975, finding himself \$80,000 in debt, he made the painful decision to dissolve his own team and drive for Gatorade/DiGard. That marked the beginning of a very trying and unhappy five years.

"It just wasn't worth the mental anguish I had to go through," he said, shaking his head grimly. "The car owners and I had some bad personality conflicts. We would end up fighting six days a week and racing one. If I said something was black, they'd say it was white, and they'd die and go to hell trying to prove it. I won some races and made a lot of money for those people, but they were just doing it for the ego trip. They just wanted to see their pretty car and their pretty team out there."

His dissatisfaction with the Gatorade/DiGard team eventually became so intense that he bought out his contract for \$350,000. Since then he has become the man to beat on the Grand National tour.

* * *

Later that afternoon, after completing all of his practice laps at Talladega, Waltrip and his crew headed north across the narrow highways that twist through

the central Alabama pine forests. He spends nearly 300 days a year either at a track or on his way to one, often traveling in his own Navajo Chieftain airplane. This time his destination was the Huntsville Speedway, a small asphalt track with rickety wooden grandstands, located in a patch of bottomland not far from the Tennessee River.

"Every time I go out on the track, I learn something," Waltrip observed. "Places like this keep me sharp. Even when I'm home, I just sort of kill time until the next race. If I'm not running in one, then I'm either watching one on TV or listening to one on the radio, or wondering about one somewhere, or calling someone to find out how somebody else did. If I ever got into a position where I had to go two or three weeks without racing, I don't know what I'd do."

The night's feature race would not count in the Grand National point standings. But Waltrip had been promised a handsome fee just for being on hand at the place where he received much of his early racing education before graduating to the big time.

"I used to race here every Thursday night," he said nostalgically. "I had to fight my way out a lot of times. Once, I bumped into a guy on the last lap, shoved him out of the way and went on to win the race. The grandstands went wild. They tore the fence down! It was a mob scene. I never even got out of my car. I just drove up, got my trophy, turned around, put the car on the trailer and went on out the back gate."

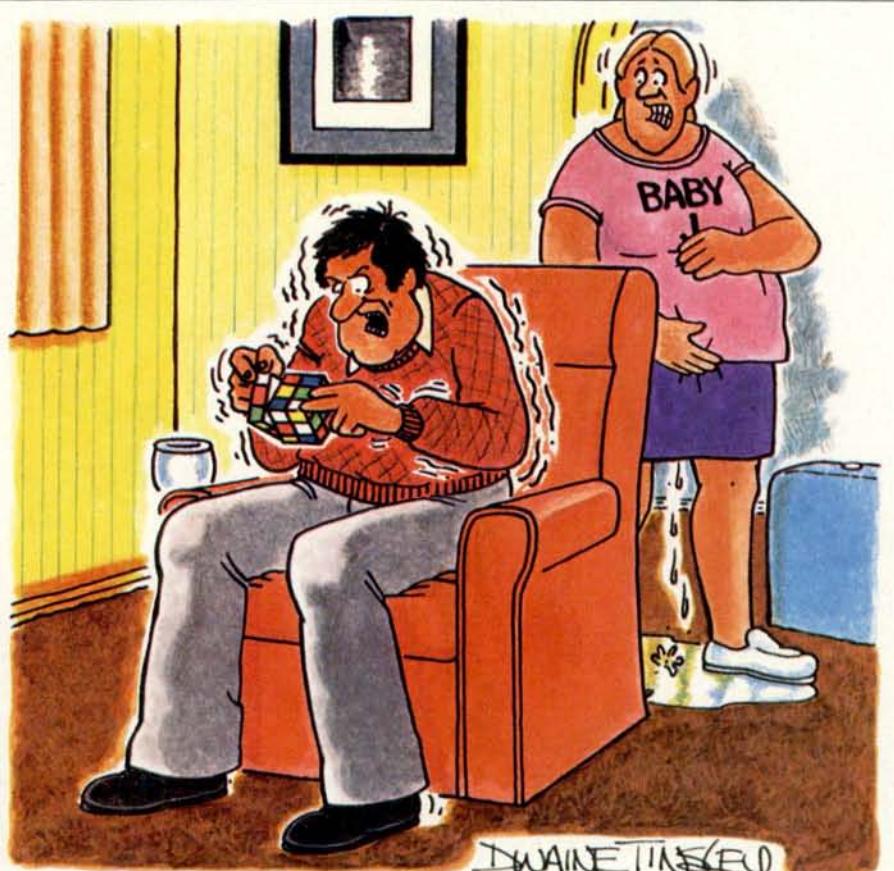
He shook his head and grinned. "That sorta thing used to be a common occurrence."

This Friday-night feature under Huntsville's dim arc lights turned out to be not much different. Waltrip qualified for the pole, spun out once during the race itself, but still managed to come in second. The winner was Butch Lindley, a two-time national champion in the Late Model Sportsman division of racing. Jody Ridley, NASCAR's 1980 Rookie of the Year, finished third.

"Waltrip did some dirty driving tonight," Ridley seethed, stalking the pits after the race. "He tried to spin me out twice, and he ended up spinning himself out the second time. I ran behind him for 50 laps in a race down in St. Petersburg a while back, and I never touched him. Then he gets behind me here tonight, and the first thing he does is start bumping. Maybe it sounds like sour grapes, but I like a man to do me the way I do him."

Lindley, who collapsed after the race and was carried on a stretcher to an am-

(continued on page 54)



"Yeah, yeah, yeah! I'll take you to the hospital as soon as I figure this damn thing out!"

EXCLUSIVE!

TV SOAP-OPERA STARS NUDE!

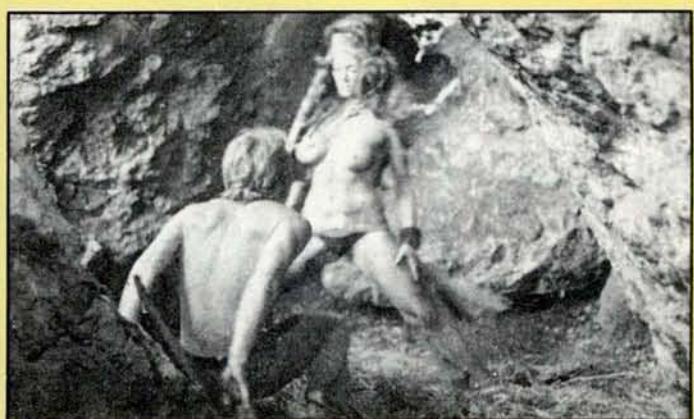
The soaps aren't just for bored housewives anymore. From college students to accountants, new viewers have been drawn to daytime soap operas by sexy young cast members who appeal to a broader range of sexual tastes. And let's face it—sex sells soaps. On the following pages you'll see some of the new stars—Tony Geary and Robin Mattson of the smash hit *General Hospital*, and Patty Weaver from *Days of Our Lives*—as they appeared in their uncensored pre-soap days.

A collage of magazine covers and photos related to TV soap-operas, featuring stars from General Hospital and Days of Our Lives.

- Top Left:** "MORE PARTIES! NEWS! PHOTOS! CAST LISTS" - A photo of a woman (Trish) from Days of Our Lives.
- Top Center:** "Days of Our Lives' Trish—HOW PATTY WEAVER SU WHEN HER MARRIAGE" - A photo of Patty Weaver.
- Top Right:** "DAYTIME TV'S GREATEST STORIES Everything You Want to Know About... GENERAL HOSPITAL" - A photo of a man (Tony Geary).
- Middle Left:** "NOV 5" - A photo of a woman (Patty Weaver) holding a star.
- Middle Center:** "SOAP OPERA STARS" - A photo of a man and a woman hugging.
- Middle Right:** "Latest Cast Lists! News! G LAURA COLOR SPEC" - A photo of two women (Laura and Wilkinson).
- Bottom Left:** "MARCH 31" - A photo of a man and a woman.
- Bottom Center:** "JUDITH LIGHT TONY GEARY: WHAT MAKES THEM DAZZLE?" - A photo of Judith Light and Tony Geary.
- Bottom Right:** "LUCY & MITCH GET Hitched 'DALLAS' STYLE NEIL CURTIS: ('DOOL') ALWAYS A LOSER?" - A photo of Lucy and Mitch.
- Bottom Far Right:** "TV'S MOST FASCINATING LOVERS BIGGEST SHOW MORE PAGES • MORE NEWS • MORE" - A photo of a man and a woman.
- Bottom Bottom Right:** "DAYTIME TV" - A photo of a woman (Robin Mattson).

TONY GEARY

Virtually every actor gets stuck with an occasional bad role. Tony Geary may be the hottest sex symbol on TV today as Luke Spencer of *General Hospital*, but more often he's been cast as a psychopath or rapist in such shows as *The Streets of San Francisco* and *The Six Million Dollar Man*. Seen here in *Blood Sabbath*, Tony finds himself among bloodthirsty women in a B-movie that, he said in a recent issue of *People*, may even be released someday. Cast now as a ladies' man, Geary is still unaware of his sexual potential. He claims, "I truly have never watched myself on *General Hospital* and got an erection."



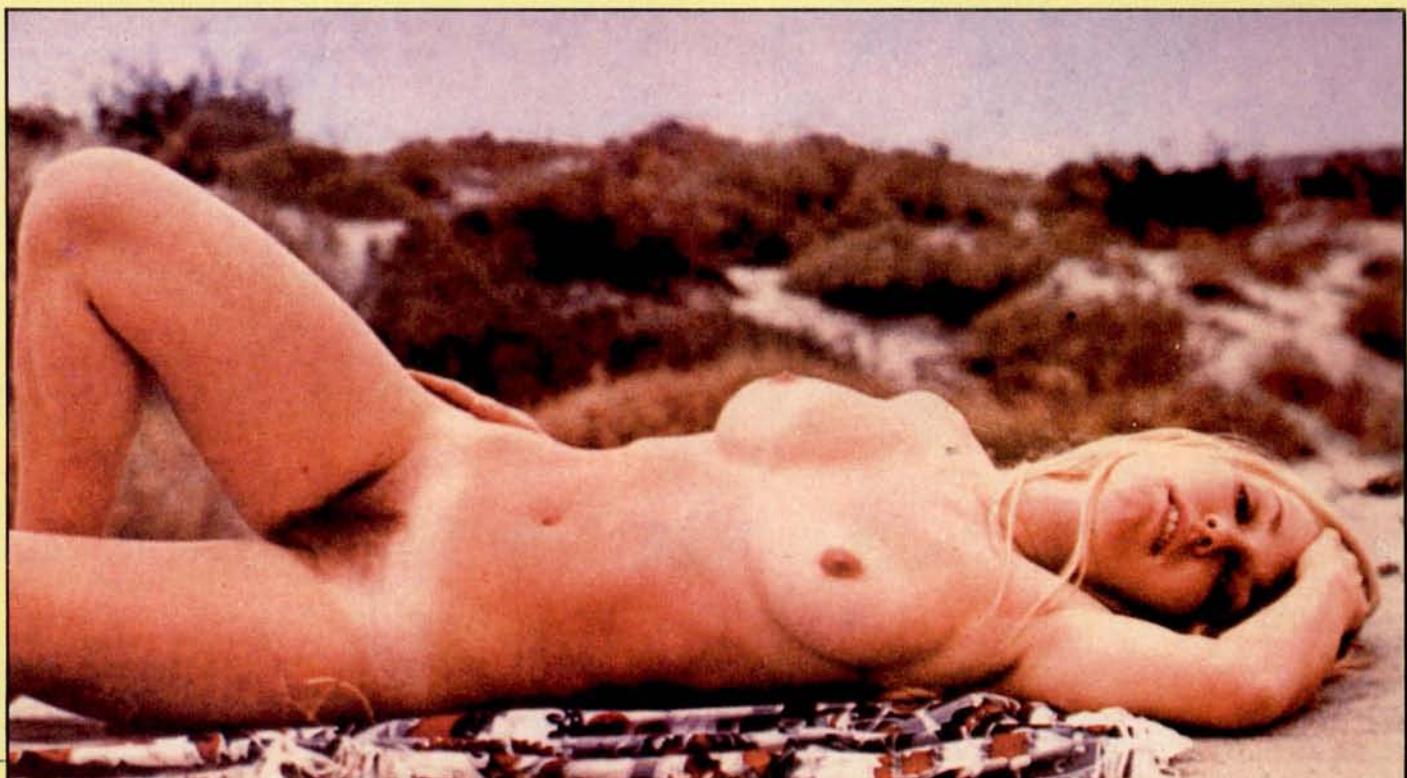
ROBIN MATTSON

She may not look mean, but Robin Mattson was recently honored with a prestigious Soapy award by *Soap Opera Digest* magazine as Favorite Villainess of 1981 for her role as Heather Webber on *General Hospital*. The acclaim wasn't quite so strong for her part in the 1973 R-rated schlock flick *Bonnie's Kids*. Seen here in clips from that film, Ms. Mattson played the victim of a near-rape who later decides to become a bank robber. She fared better in movies like *Namu the Killer Whale* and *Return to Macon County*, but went through a good many TV shows before landing the *General Hospital* role that's boosted her career.



PATTY WEAVER

She's been a shoeshine girl, a rock singer, an actress . . . and, as you can see here, a nude model. Currently playing Trish Banning on the popular soap *Days of Our Lives*, Patty Weaver was inclined to let it all hang out earlier in her career. These shots are from a 1972 issue of *Modern Man*, an early pioneer in the men's-magazine field. Still torn between singing and acting, Ms. Weaver has recorded several albums, and recently signed a contract with Warner Brothers Records.



PROFILE: DARRELL WALTRIP

(continued from page 50)

balance, immediately came to Waltrip's defense. "You gotta bump on this short a track," he said, groggily shaking his head. "You can't help it. Darrell didn't do nothing intentionally. He coulda knocked Jody out of the race, but he turned his own self around trying not to."

The controversy continued to rage. But even before the soft wind wafting through the pines could clear off the race's remaining dust and gas fumes, Waltrip and his crew had already loaded up their car and headed off into the night, back toward the big event awaiting them at Talladega.

* * *

Despite his lifelong obsession with the sport, Waltrip did not come from a family of race-car drivers, as did archrivals such as Richard Petty or Dale Earnhardt. His father was a soft-drink salesman in the small Ohio River city of Owensboro, Kentucky. His mother raised her five children while working in the family's grocery store.

Both of the elder Waltrips were enthusiastic auto-racing fans, and when their oldest son was little more than a baby, they began taking him to local dirt tracks. "It's just in my blood, I guess," Waltrip laughs. "Some of those

fumes must've gotten in my brain, and I couldn't get them back out. But even at age five or six, I knew that a race car going around the track was the most fascinating thing I'd ever seen. I decided right then that was what I wanted to do."

Darrell's father, Leroy Waltrip, adds: "Even back when he was riding tricycles, he had that competitive spirit. He'd wear them out racing them."

With his father's help, Waltrip began racing go-carts, and by the time he was 12, he'd won more than 500 races. "The thing that really sustained me," he says, "is that I met with success early."

Leroy Waltrip recalls: "Even when we were building old race cars down in the garage, and Darrell was becoming the best there was around Owensboro, his mother and I still didn't realize his ability. It was hard to believe at the time that it would ever lead this far."

As soon as he was old enough to get his driver's license, Waltrip headed for the local dirt tracks with the hobby car he and his father had built. He crashed cars often during that first year on the tracks. But by the second year, he was already competing in bigger races out of town.

"It was always feast or famine back then," Waltrip reminisces. "One week I would make a lot of money, and then the next week I wouldn't make any. Those

were times when it was just the pits. I supplemented my income with odd jobs. I sold cars for a while and then worked in an electronics firm. But it was never more than just a way to get me through the winter, to the next season of racing."

"When he was still racing around Owensboro, he hustled all the time," his father says. "In the winter, when the other boys were sitting on their butts wondering what they were going to do for the next season, he'd be on the phone or out running around, trying to get some sponsorship. He had determination."

"Darrell's drive is what sustained him through all those early times," says Stevie, his attractive wife. "He went through the heights of ecstasy and the depths of depression."

Although she works as a special-education teacher, Stevie also attends all of her husband's meets, keeping careful records of lap and pit-stop times from trackside. They were married in 1969, when Stevie was fresh out of high school, and soon moved to Nashville—the location of the nearest racetrack on the NASCAR circuit. With characteristic brashness, Waltrip introduced himself to officials there and told them to shake hands with NASCAR's next champion.

"I was pretty cocky back then," he admits. "But I always believed that one day I'd get to where I am now. I've also always believed that if I didn't promote myself, nobody else would."

Bill Donoho, former owner of the Nashville Speedway, was one of the first to appreciate Waltrip's raw talent. "Almost from the first drop of the green flag, he was a hit," Donoho remembers. "The fans liked him, and the press fell in love with him. He just had a certain flair, that special bit of charm it takes to succeed."

* * *

Traditionally, the annual Talladega 500 has been one of the most dramatic events of the NASCAR season. There has never been a repeat winner. For the 13th running of the race, Waltrip was one of seven former champions competing for the \$38,805 first prize.

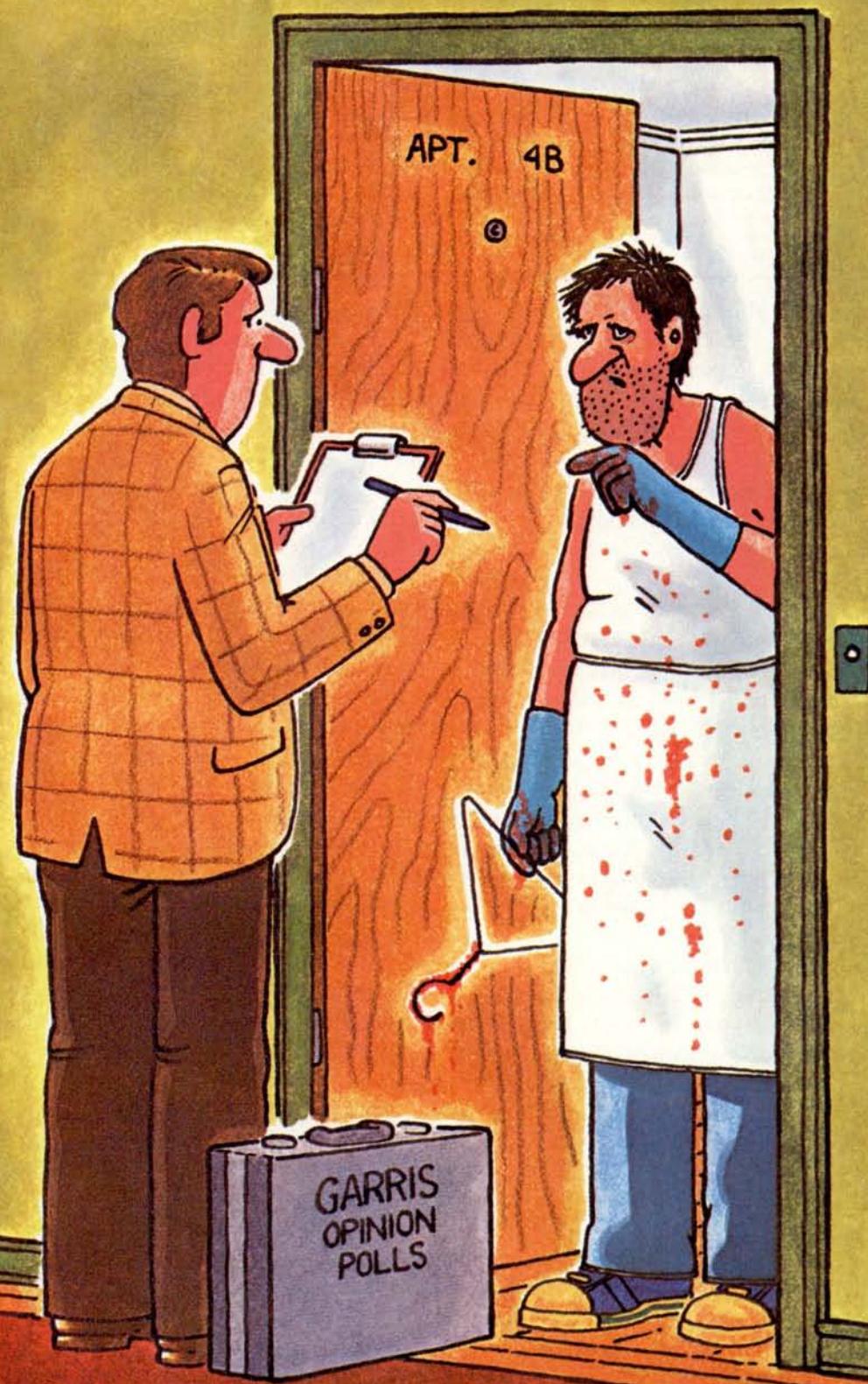
More than 90,000 people packed the huge grandstands and sat in the infield atop cars or the backs of campers, drinking beer and grilling steaks as they waited for the race to begin. Hearing Waltrip's name called during the introductions, they responded with a chorus of strident boos.

Before long, 42 cars were screaming into the first of 188 laps through a light drizzle, creating a ferocious wall of sound that made the spectators' bodies vibrate. Speeds approaching 200 mph were routine as 11 different drivers re-

(continued on page 134)



"Yes, Avery... I'll suck you off."



WAYNE TINSLEY.

"Hmmm, yes. I think it's safe to say I'm against federally funded abortions."

CONTAMINATED FOOD

HOW MUCH CAN AMERICA STOMACH?

You begin thinking about food with the first whiff of bacon in the morning. The prospect of a luncheon hamburger smothered with onions makes your stomach rumble hours ahead of time. At the end of a hard day, you can't wait for a cold beer, along with plates of tasty edibles around the dinner table.

But as an ancient Roman poet once said, one man's food is another man's poison. Consider the following:

□ **A couple of years ago Massachusetts** construction worker Lee Totman decided he deserved a break one day, stopping at a McDonald's during his lunch hour. After just a few bites of a Big Mac, however, he suddenly became aware of sharp pains in his stomach, with an accompanying loss of appetite. Before long he was under the knife at a local hospital, undergoing surgery to remove razor-blade bits from his small intestine. Totman is suing the hamburger chain for \$1 million, and presumably now takes his lunches from home.

□ **Things go better with Coke, according** to a popular advertising slogan. But it didn't work that way for a Texas woman who discovered a hairpin in the bottle of Coca-Cola she was sipping. The experience was especially traumatic for her family, which claimed that nobody could say the word *Coke* in her presence—or even keep bottles of "the real thing" in the house—without causing her to become violently ill. The woman sued, was awarded \$15,000 and probably has since switched to the Uncola or Dr Pepper. She might think again if she learns about the Long Beach, California, housewife who suffered painful burns in her mouth while drinking a bottle of Diet Dr Pepper contaminated with a caustic cleaning agent.

□ **Doses of iron are often used to beef up** the nutritional value of food. But the commissary at McConnell Air Force Base in Wichita, Kansas, went too far when it sold hamburger

augmented with metal slivers. Angry customers touched off an investigation that discovered 400 to 800 pounds of meat had been contaminated by fragments of a butcher's metal glove accidentally dropped into a meat grinder.

□ **In October 1979, Ursula Beckley** cracked open an egg for an omelet. When a grayish-black snake slithered out into her pan, the Long Island, New York, woman became ill. She is suing a supermarket chain for \$3 million. Six months later another New Yorker, Lizzie Parsley, also found a snake in an egg. "She wakes up screaming and perspiring, when she manages to sleep at all," her attorney claims.

These are but a few examples of recent incidents in which unsuspecting consumers found their food or drink to be contaminated. They are not isolated instances either. In the past year alone a jury ordered the Stokely Van Camp Corporation to pay \$2,500 to a man who found a condom in a can of the company's pork and beans; a Florida man swallowed six fishhooks in a raspberry milkshake; an Oklahoma resident was awarded \$125,000 in damages after drinking more than half a bottle of Coca-Cola that contained a decomposed rat.

Probably every day, someplace in America, someone eats a piece of fruit, meat, fish or poultry containing a foreign object, potentially hazardous chemical, or insect. Almost everyone can be certain that at one time or another he or she will be swallowing unsanitary food.

Each month, a government publication—the *FDA Consumer*—lists a number of incidents that prompted the Food and Drug Administration to step in and take action to prevent people from being poisoned. The problem is shockingly widespread, covering a vast geographical range and involving a wide variety of foodstuffs.

Pinto beans in El Paso contain rat filth. Heinz ketchup shipped from Fremont, Ohio, is laced with rancid tomatoes. Frozen shrimp in Massa-



John
Andrews

chussets have been packed under unsanitary conditions. Rice in Gulfport, Mississippi, is littered with bird filth.

From Seattle to Savannah, everything from frog legs to popcorn to mushrooms to cake mixes has been infected with some kind of harmful substance. Even staples such as salt, sugar and flour are often found rotting in warehouses teeming with rats and insects.

The FDA, in fact, permits specific amounts of fecal pellets, dead bugs, worms, larvae, mold rot and other foreign matter in most foods. Among the tolerated levels are:

—An average of 60 microscopic insect fragments or one rodent hair per 100 grams of chocolate.

—An average of 30 insect fragments or one or more rodent hairs per 100 grams of peanut butter.

—An average of 30 drosophila-fly eggs (or 15 drosophila-fly eggs and one drosophila maggot, or two drosophila maggots) per 100 grams of tomato paste and other tomato sauces.

—An average of 50 aphids, thrips and/or mites per 100 grams of canned or frozen spinach.

—Ten whole or equivalent insects and 35 drosophila eggs per eight ounces of golden bleached raisins.

It's enough to make you sick.

In most instances food makers and

packers comply with FDA orders to destroy products in question. But only a handful of violators is ever fined. And nobody knows exactly how much spoiled pork, say, or soup mix infested with insect droppings gets to the nation's dinner tables.

Individual states also examine food, but they seem to be fighting a losing cause too. "Even in places where we inspect six times a year," says Maurice Guerrette, assistant director of New York State's Food Inspection Service, "there are many times of the year when we're not there."

Since regulatory agencies have only enough manpower to intermittently check food handlers, violations can—and do—go undetected for some time. By law, there's a U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) official examining every cow at every slaughterhouse. But if an employee drops a side of beef in a meat market, he can pick it up and brush it off. Most likely, nobody will ever know the difference.

Imported food poses an even bigger menace. According to the FDA's Alicia Martinez, the federal government has so few people working on New York's waterfront that it can only inspect 10% of the food entering the country.

Three years ago an FDA inspector found 3,000 pounds of Chilean mush-

rooms and 6,500 pounds of Spanish paprika laden with insects in a Brooklyn, New York, warehouse. The inspector asked the New York City Health Department to make sure the food would not be shipped. When inspectors rechecked, the mushrooms and paprika had disappeared. The warehousing firm claimed the goods had been stolen, but the food ended up in Chicago, where it was subsequently seized.

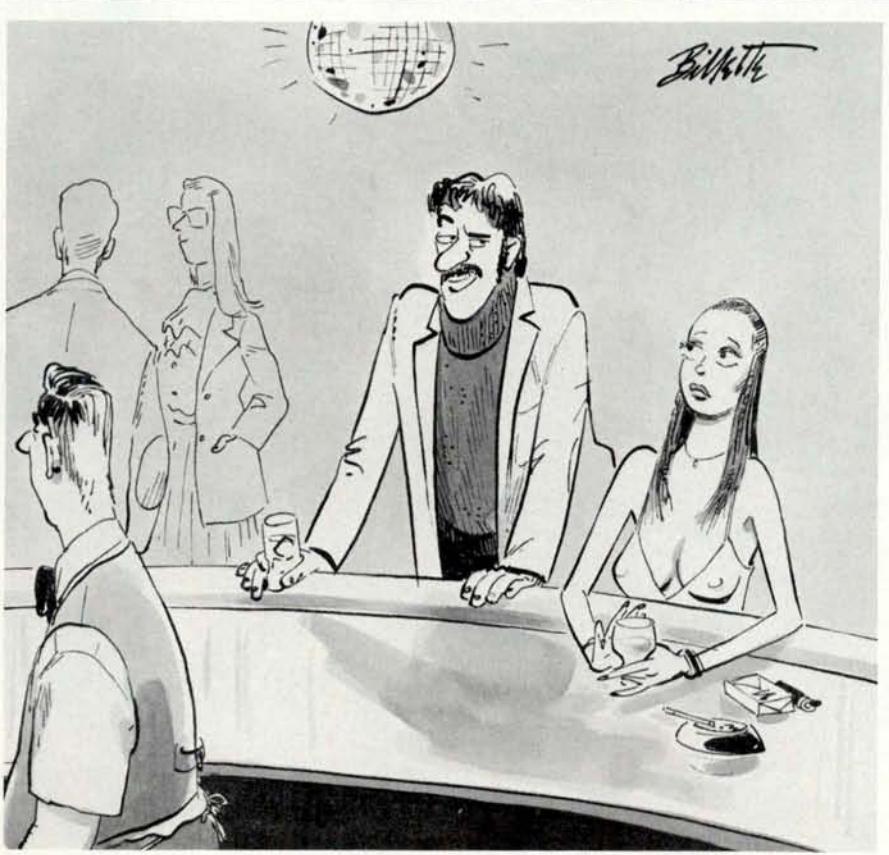
In late 1979, federal investigators found that mozzarella cheese made by the Cheese Corporation of America Inc. contained pieces of metal and Teflon plastic. The mozzarella was bound for use in a federally subsidized school-lunch program. When the Department of Agriculture rejected the cheese as being unfit, the firm simply shipped it to its processing plant in Massachusetts, where it was shredded, repacked and distributed. Federal authorities got wind of the scheme and alerted several state health departments. New York stopped the sale of \$3,000 worth of mozzarella, and Pennsylvania confiscated \$8,000 worth. But nobody can be certain that any of the unseized cheese didn't end up on a slice of pizza somewhere.

Even our most well-meaning food laws are systematically broken. For years the American beef industry injected diethylstilbestrol (DES) into cattle. The reason was simple: DES, a synthetic female hormone, fattens the animals and helps to bring higher prices at the slaughterhouse. When it was discovered that DES causes birth defects and cancer in humans, its use was banned in the United States. Yet in April 1980 the FDA found that 233 feedlots in 20 states were continually and illegally using the hormone.

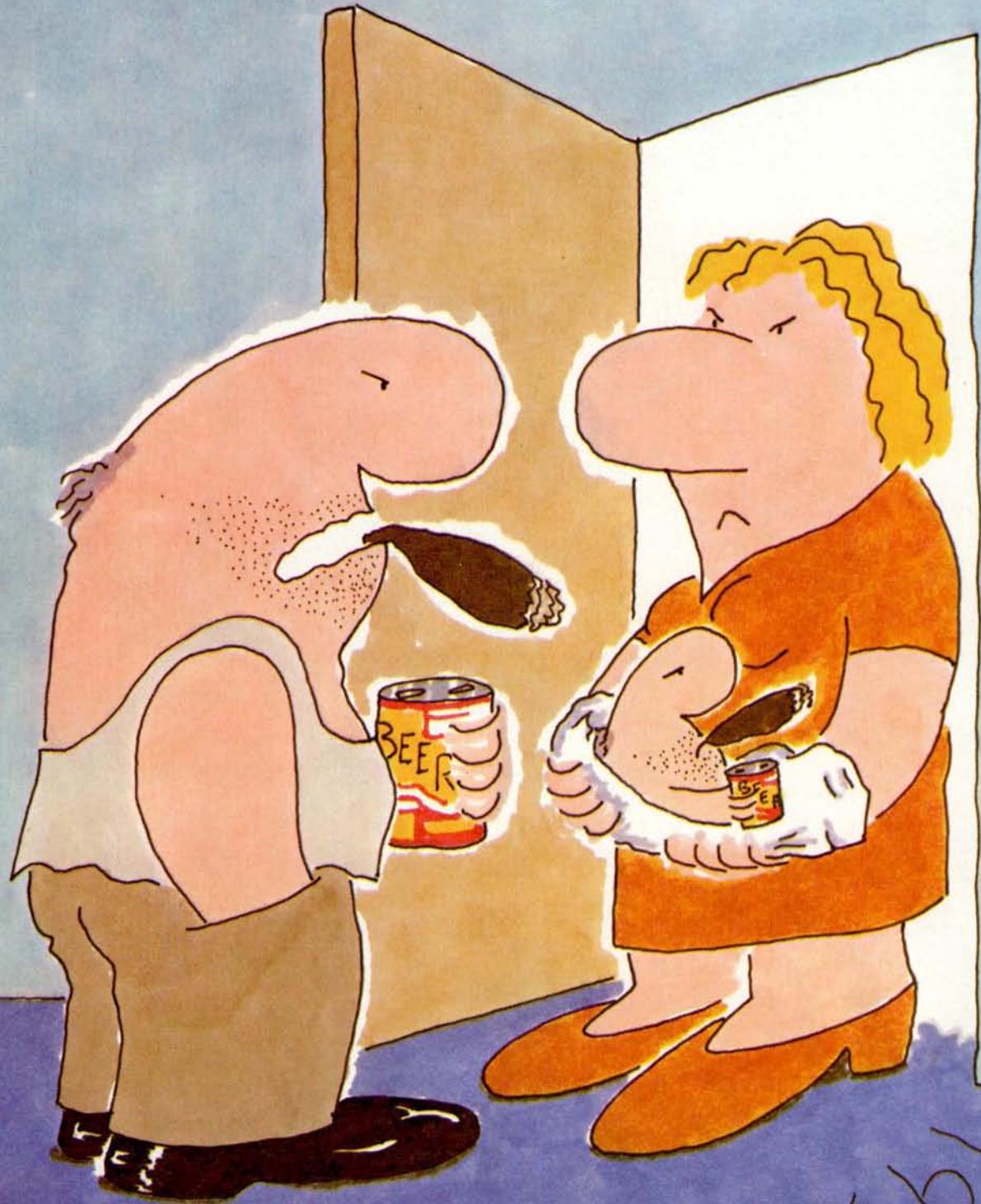
If an unscrupulous manufacturer is intent on selling hazardous food, it often takes a monumental effort to stop him. Even then, officials aren't going to keep all of it off your table.

Take the "powdered milk caper," which the FDA spent three years resolving. In January 1978 the Port Authority in Duluth, Minnesota, put 300,000 pounds of powdered milk up for auction. After inspection the milk was found to be laced with rat and mouse urine, making it unfit for human consumption but still usable as feed for animals. Officials became suspicious when the winning bidder paid \$88,000 in hundred-dollar bills. The buyer, who used an alias, represented a conspiracy of five others who expected to sell the milk at a large profit. Having paid a little more than 29¢ a pound, they intended to sell it for 50¢ a pound to a St. Paul distributor that in turn would

(continued on page 108)

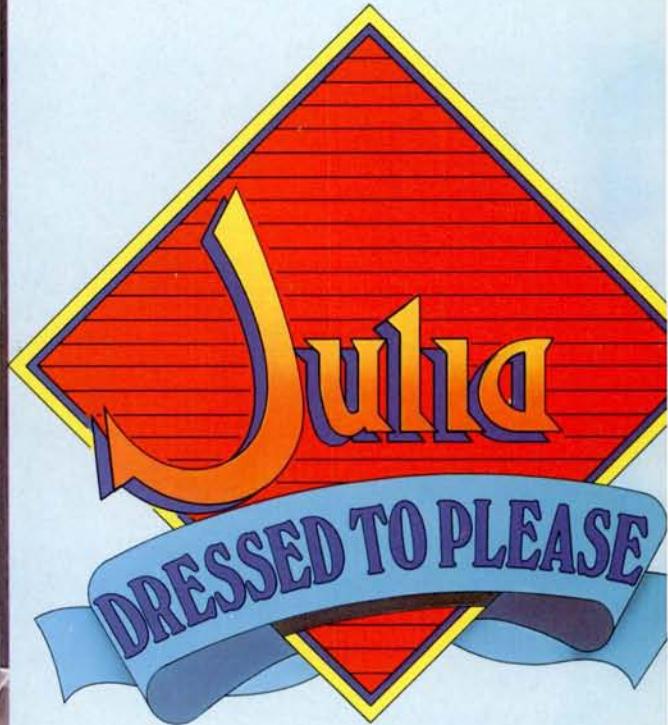


"Hey, I must be attracted to you. I'm leaking in my shorts."



"Go ahead and sue me! You can't prove it's mine!"



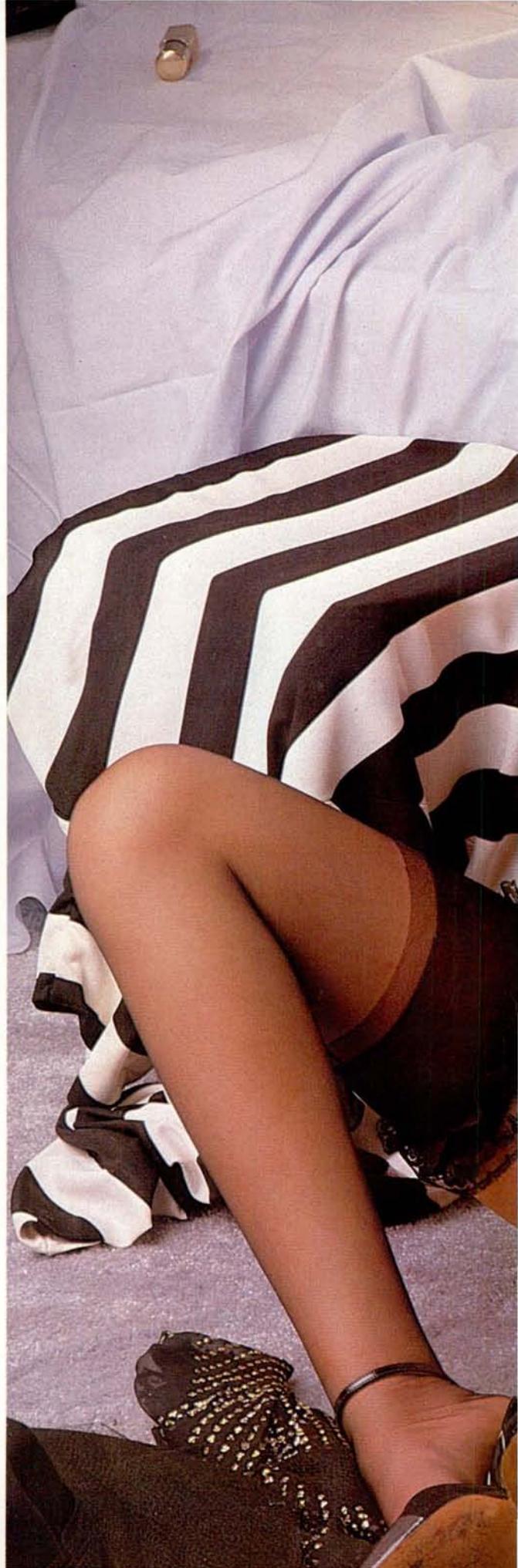


I love to feel the silk against my naked skin," says 22-year-old Julia, a budding fashion designer from Los Angeles. Modeling a few of her creations for our readers, Julia admitted that although she has a steady boyfriend, there are times when she has to get off by herself. "I usually start by massaging my nipples until they get real firm. Then I move on down my body to the secret places that only I know about. As Diana Ross, my favorite singer, says in 'I'm Coming Out,' 'I'm gonna do it like you never knew it.'"

When not going to classes or designing clothes or modeling, Julia likes to rummage through secondhand stores, looking for ideas. "You never know what you might find there," she says, "and often I'll run into a guy or girl who has some designs in mind also."



Photography by Matti Klatt













HUSTLER'S HONEY • MARCH 1982





I love all your
Mother readers!
Julia



A male dog said to his pup one day, "You're growing up, Son, and it's time you learned the facts of life." So they strolled down the road until the father spied a trashcan; then he said, "Watch this." He turned over the can and ate the food inside. "Son, that's the first fact of life."

A little later, when the father saw a bitch in heat, he told his pup, "Watch close." The older dog proceeded to hump the bitch until he came. Afterward, he told his pup, "Son, that's the second fact of life."

They strolled down the road once again, until they came to a fire hydrant. After the father took a leak on the fireplug, he said, "Son, that's the third fact of life. Now, do you have any questions?"

"Pop, I understand your turning over the trashcan, 'cause you gotta eat," the pup replied. "I also understand your humping that bitch for a piece of ass. But why'd you piss on that fireplug?"

"Well, Son, it's simple. If you can't eat it and you can't fuck it, then piss on it!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *anal sex* as: the man in the moon.

"It was really wild," a police officer said to his partner. "When I got off duty last night, I picked up this fantastic chick at a burger stand. When I got her to my place, she pounced on me, whipped out my dick and stuck it down her throat."

"That's far out!!" the partner said.

"Yeah, and the kicker is, when she finished, she jumped up and ran out the door. She didn't even tell me her name or where she lives."

"That's too bad," the second cop lamented.

"Well," the first officer quipped, "I figured this was one situation where I should shoot first and ask questions later."

Mrs. Smith found her teenage daughter in the bathroom crying and asked her what was wrong. "Gee, Mom," the girl sobbed, "we were told today in sex ed that a baby comes out of the same hole that the father's seed enters."

"That's right," the mother assured her, "but it's nothing to cry over, dear. Lots of women have had babies."

"But, Mom," the girl cried, "I'm afraid Roger's baby may kick out some of my teeth when it's born."

Question: What do you get when you cross a Mexican with a Jew?

Answer: A janitor who thinks he owns the building.

The fireman told his wife, "From now on we're going to do things right—by the bells, like we do at the firehouse. When I ring one bell, you meet me at the door with a kiss. Two bells mean you head for the bedroom. Three bells mean you undress. Four bells and you jump into bed to do what women do best."

Things went according to plan, except the wife picked up the bell while they were in the sack one night and rang it five times. "What the hell does that mean?" the fireman asked.

The wife replied, "That means reel out more hose—you're not close enough to the fire!"

As the expected time of birth drew near, the mother-to-be asked her obstetrician, "Will my husband be permitted to stay with me during the delivery?"

"Certainly," the doctor answered. "The father should always be present at the moment of birth."

"That wouldn't be a good idea," the woman remarked. "He and my husband don't get along."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *skyjacking* as: a handjob at 33,000 feet.

A man screwed a hooker and spent his last dime on her. "Can I borrow a dime so I can get home on the bus?" he asked her.

"Sure," she said, "if you eat it out of my twat."

So the guy got down on his knees awhile, then stood up. "I got it. See ya," he said, sticking the dime in his pocket. Later, he dropped it in a bus's token box and sat down. The driver turned around and hollered, "Hey, mister, how far do you think you're gonna get on that scab?"

Two Polacks were hunting when they became lost. The first Polack had read that when lost, you could fire three times into the air and help would come. He fired three times, and nothing happened. An hour later he fired three more times. After another hour the second Polack told his friend to try again.

"Okay," he said, "but this is the last time. We're almost out of arrows!"

Question: How are women and Jell-o alike?
Answer: They both wiggle when eaten!

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

CHESTER & HESTER



"Say, while you're down there, how about pulling off my dingleberries?"

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HAUNTED GHOST STORY

Haunted?" Tim Mathis didn't know whether to laugh in the man's face or just walk away. "C'mon, Mr. Harris. This is 1982." "I've never been able to take such things seriously either, Mr. Mathis. But I have to be honest about it. Rumor has it that the house is haunted."

"It's such a pretty place," said Tim's buxom wife, Kathy. She half-turned toward Harris, arching her back, giving him another peek at the firm, unrestricted breasts straining beneath her loose blouse. "Could we look inside?"

"Of course, Mrs. Mathis," the real-estate agent replied, trying hard to avert his eyes and opening and closing his hands as if he were squeezing melons.

"Stop it!" Tim whispered, elbowing his wife. "He's about to lose control of himself."

"A reaction like that from *you* would be nice once in a while," she hissed.

"Let's not start that again," Tim said, pushing her toward the two-story residence. As Kathy walked up the sidewalk, she wiggled her ass so

FICTION BY D.S. BRADFORD

ALEX EISEL

seductively that the flustered Harris fumbled and dropped the house keys.

"So tell me about this 'haunted' house," Tim said as the agent caught up with them.

"I've worked for the same company for 11 years," Harris replied. "In that time I'd say the place has been rented about two dozen times. The longest anyone stayed was four or five months. No one would ever say exactly what was wrong."

While Harris unlocked the front door, Tim asked, "Who owns it?"

"It was inherited by an older gentleman in New York who has no use for it. The will said the house was to be listed with this company if it was ever sold or resold. We've made a little money off of it in the past few years by leasing it, but no one will buy it."

"Oh, this is lovely," Kathy said, entering the living room. "Does the furniture go with it?"

Harris nodded, darting another quick glance down the front of her blouse. "About half the rooms are furnished, including this one and the master bedroom upstairs. Feel free to look around."

Tim followed his wife through the house, only half-aware of what he was doing. His mind was working furiously. He hoped she wasn't going to be a bitch again today. He could well understand

Harris' attraction to her body. He had felt the same way himself, six years earlier, when he first met her.

Kathy had been a professional model and dancer. Tim had been an advertising executive for a national magazine. He still wondered how he'd won her over fierce competition. Yet he had married her, and their animal-like attraction provided many wonderful sleepless nights in their first years together.

Time passed and so did their passion. Maybe they had burned themselves out. Maybe it was the pressure of his job and her continuing career. He wasn't sure. There had been no children, but several affairs for him, and at least one for her that he knew of.

Desperate to save their marriage, he left the magazine to become a freelance writer and photographer. They agreed to move to the country, where the pace was slower. Their search had brought them to Bellows Falls and the pleasant house they were now inspecting.

Kathy threw open the door to the master bedroom and squealed, "That's the biggest bed I've ever seen!"

She ran across the room and leaped onto the huge four-poster, almost disappearing in its fluffy quilt. Leaning back against the headboard, she looked at Tim slyly.

"It's a pretty house. I think we should

buy it. Or are you afraid of ghosts and goblins?"

"Are you?" he asked.

She shook her head. "It might make the nights a little more interesting than they've been."

"Bitch!" Tim muttered to himself.

Later that day in Harris' office the Mathises signed the appropriate papers but did not purchase the house. "I'll rent it to you for six months," the real-estate agent said. "At the end of that time, if you still want to, you can buy it."

"I thought you were about to say, 'If you're still here,'" Tim said.

Their first ten days in the house were uneventful. The couple settled in easily, stored their excess furniture, and cleaned up each room and the yard. Neither of them experienced any signs of haunting, and they had all but forgotten Harris' warning.

On the 11th night Tim awoke with a start. The digital clock on his nightstand read 2:30 a.m. He had no idea what had disturbed him, and he rolled over to go back to sleep. Then Tim heard it—a low, soft moaning; the sound of a woman coming from the guest bedroom. He heard it only once, but it stayed with him the rest of the night.

Early the next morning he checked out the adjoining room. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary, except the sheets and blankets had been pulled down from the bed. He mentioned it to Kathy at breakfast.

"Did you sleep in one of the extra rooms last night?"

"No, why?" she asked.

He told her about the bed.

"We probably just forgot to make it up, Tim."

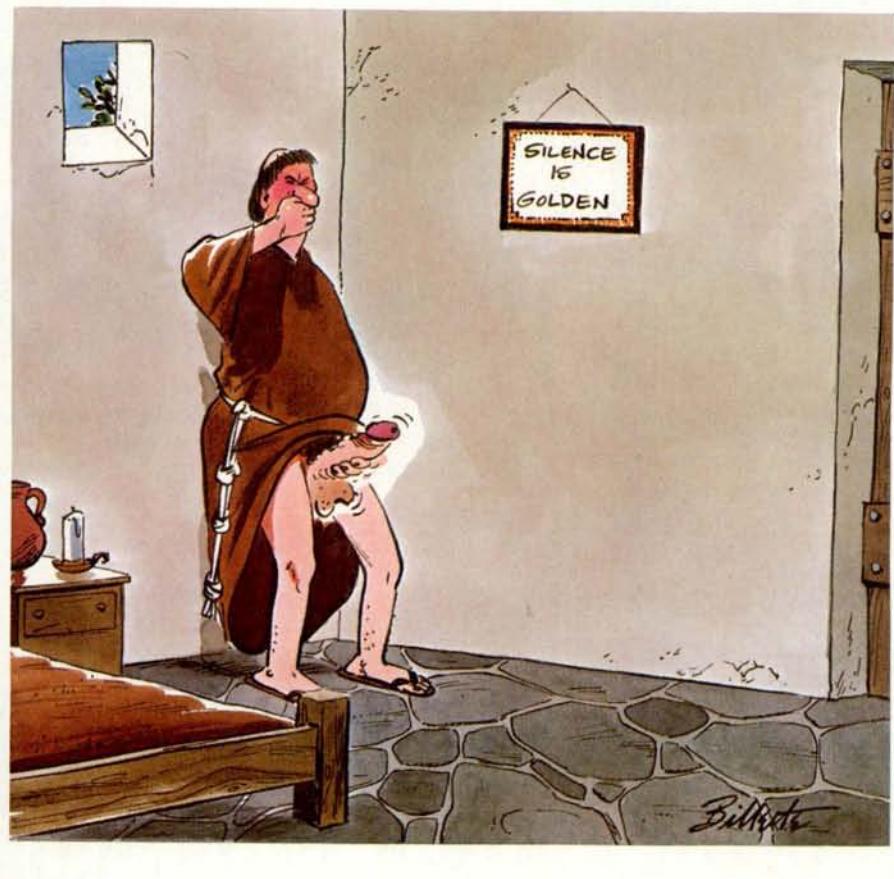
Two nights later Tim was again awakened by the moaning sound from the next room. This time he decided to investigate. But before he could get up, he heard the identical sound from Kathy, lying next to him.

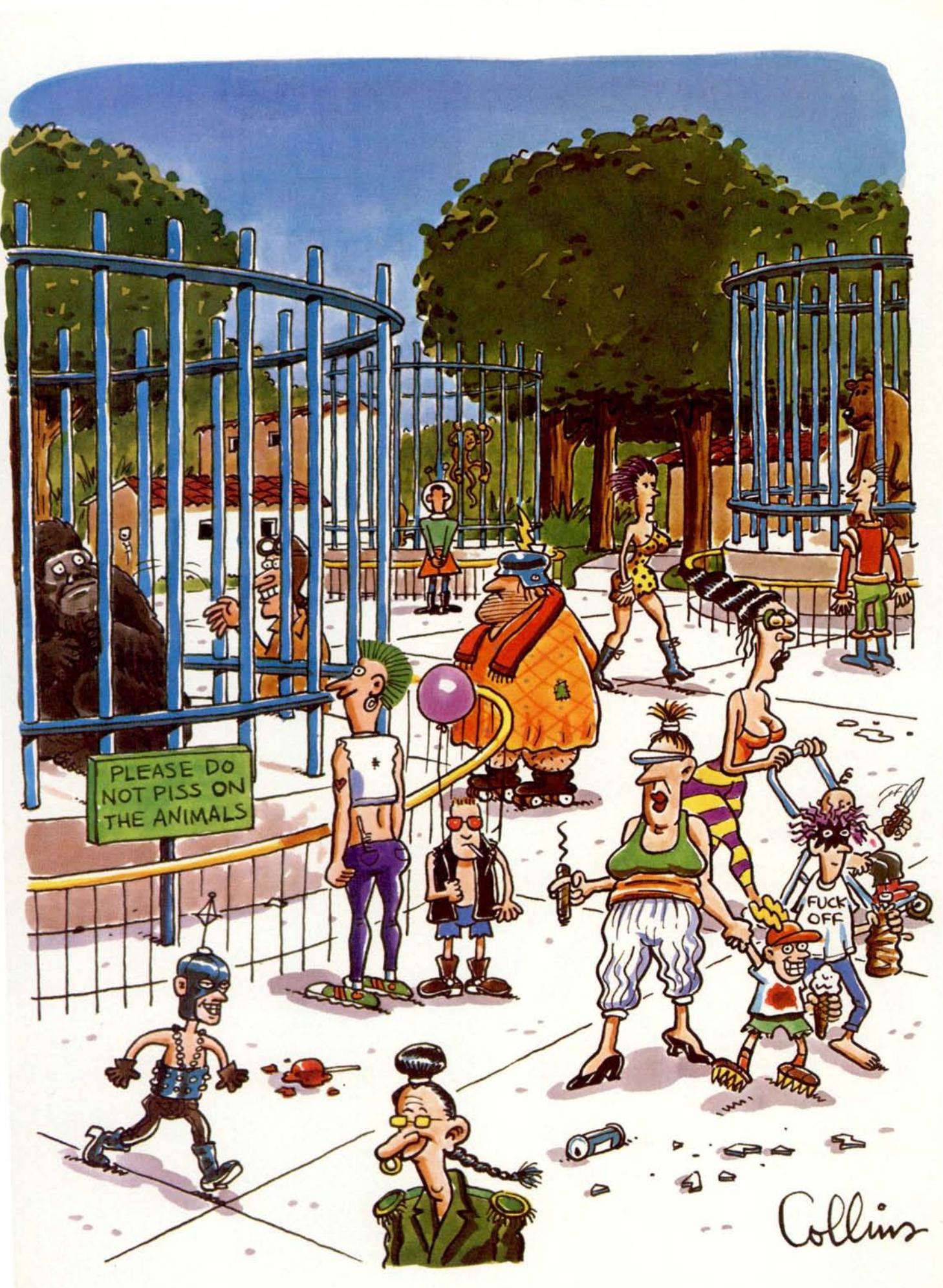
She was on her back, asleep, and the moonlight from the window showed a smile on her face. Gently he lifted the covers. The T-shirt she slept in was bunched around her shoulders. One of her hands nestled between her legs. The other was massaging her breasts.

Tim watched for several minutes, all thoughts of sleep now gone. Finally, the urge became overpowering. He moved his own hand to her damp pubic hairs while his lips nuzzled her neck.

She awoke and pulled him over to her. "Oh, baby, come here!"

(continued on page 86)





Collins



KATIE &
Irish Eyes
MAUREEN



"The customer is always right," claims Katie, a 22-year-old waitress in a small pub outside Dublin. "So when Maureen came in showing herself, as it were, I knew I had to give her what she wanted." Soon both women had removed their clothing and gotten down to serious passion. Erotic moans and groans filled the air as the two licked and sucked their way into an incredible bliss. "Sure, I like having men go down on me," says Maureen, "but only another woman can really turn me on. That's because only a woman knows the gentle teasing and nibbling that can arouse another woman. When she kisses and tongues my clit, I almost go out of my mind." The only thing we were curious about in this situation is, who tips whom?

Photography by Clive McLean













(continued from page 76)

With her fingers twined tightly in his hair, she moved his head around to kiss him, her tongue probing deeply. Then she pushed his face to her breasts, helping fit one of them into his mouth. He wedged his knee between her legs, and she humped herself against it, leaving a sticky trail on his skin.

After a few moments Tim shifted his attention to her other breast, hearing her moan as his tongue flicked over the stiff bud of her nipple. Her musky, aroused odor so inflamed him that his swollen cock stabbed against the soft skin of her belly. Her hand found his shaft right away. Her fingers were barely able to close around its thickness as she impatiently pushed his penis toward her hot, moist opening.

"Put it in—now!" she begged.

Tim needed no further urging. Pushing Kathy's knees up to her chest, he rammed deep inside her and heard her growl with pleasure. She grunted each time he thrust into her, arching her body against him. She whined softly each time he withdrew, then grunted again as she felt his thick cock push ahead.

A dozen more deep thrusts, and Tim could no longer control himself. He shuddered and came, squirting abund-

dant gobs of liquid into her. Feeling him pulsating inside her, Kathy contracted her vagina, clutching and squeezing the last few drops of his semen.

Afterward, they lay together, side by side, exhausted. "It hasn't been *that* good for us in a *long* time," he said.

Kathy sighed contentedly. "I was having a wild, sexy dream."

"I know. You were playing with yourself."

"And you watched?" she said, blushing. "How embarrassing."

"No. It was . . . exciting."

She reached down and found his still-erect cock, slick with their combined juices. It twitched in her palm, as if it were alive.

"Yes, I can see it was exciting." Purring with anticipation, Kathy rubbed the head of his penis against the swollen lips of her cunt. "Can we do it again?"

"You better believe it," he whispered.

In the morning, Tim looked into the extra bedroom. The bedcovers were again disturbed, even though he and his wife had fixed them the night before.

Another week passed. Twice more Kathy had dreams, masturbated and attacked Tim hungrily when he wakened her. Each morning following their lovemaking, the bed in the extra room looked as if it had been slept in.

One morning in bed, Kathy gently scolded him. "Babe, if you get horny at night, I wish you'd wake me up before you start. And don't be so rough." She pulled up her shirt and examined her breasts. "I think I have a bruise."

Tim lay in bed for a long time after his wife went downstairs. He was beginning to be frightened. He had been awakened again the night before by the moaning from the next room, the sounds of a hot, sexy woman—the same sounds his wife made during her dreams. Yet he was positive he had not made love to Kathy.

At Harris' office that afternoon, Tim got the name and telephone number of the owner. On his way home, he found a phone booth and made a long-distance call.

"Hello, Mr. Langston? Mr. Curtis Langston? My name is Tim Mathis. My wife and I just recently moved into a house you own in Bellows Falls."

"Yes, Mr. Mathis. Mr. Harris informed me. What can I do for you?"

"I have some questions I'd like to ask. How did you come to own the place?"

"Originally it belonged to my son and daughter-in-law. I inherited it when they died."

"I see," Tim said. "Did they, by any chance, die *inside* the house?"

"Why, yes. As a matter of fact, they did. It was about 12 years ago. Is there a problem?"

"I'm not sure. I may want to talk to you again, if that's possible."

"Anytime. Feel free."

The situation became no worse nor better. Several times a week Kathy had her dreams. Each time, Tim heard the moaning sounds from the adjoining room; and each morning, he found the spare bed rumpled.

They both seemed happier, more satisfied with each other—especially Kathy. Passion between them rekindled, their lovemaking intensified, and her appetite for sex became almost insatiable. Tim grew more relaxed and better able to concentrate on his writing. He sold several stories to prestigious literary magazines.

One night Tim decided to work late, and Kathy went to bed alone. A few hours later he finally stumbled upstairs. Approaching the master bedroom, he heard a strange noise. Tiptoeing to the door, he pushed it open a few inches and peered inside.

What he saw both shocked and enthralled him. Kathy was lying on her back, naked, in the middle of the bed. The covers were strewn carelessly about the floor. Her eyes were closed, and he



"I said turn your head and cough; not turn your head and moan softly."



"Shut up and eat! Just think of those poor starving kids
over there in the ghettos of America!"

knew she was asleep. But her knees were up against her chest, her thighs spread wide. Her hands gripped the sheets at her side, and she thrust her hips wildly. Her head rolled from side to side. Sweat ran between her breasts, and fluids soaked the sheet between her legs. As he watched in fascination, her face contorted and her stomach muscles contracted. By the familiar sound of her moans, he knew she had climaxed.

His mind raced wildly. *She's being fucked, thoroughly fucked, but no one's there. Or is there?*

He continued to watch, too engrossed to leave, too frightened to intrude. When Kathy's spasms passed, she sighed and relaxed. After a while she rolled onto her side and drifted off into a deeper sleep.

Tim waited another few minutes, then cautiously—almost timidly—entered the room. Something cold brushed past him, like a draft of air, and he stood in his tracks. When nothing further happened, he undressed, picked up the covers and climbed into bed next to his wife. She snuggled against him, but he did not sleep.

The next day, Tim said nothing to Kathy about what he had observed. Making a vague excuse about running some errands, he drove to the police sta-

tion. Inquiries led him to a veteran sergeant who remembered the original tenants of the house. Several cups of coffee made the sergeant quite talkative.

"Alex and Marta Langston? Sure, I remember them. Young folks, like you and your wife. That Marta, she was a knockout. Prettiest woman I've ever seen. You're living in their house now, aren't you? Seen any ghosts?"

"I don't think so," Tim replied. "But that's what I've come to ask you about. What's the story behind the place?"

"Not much of one, really," the sergeant mused. "Alex and Marta were one of the nicest couples in town. Everybody liked them. And I can't remember any two people who loved each other more. She clung to him like ivy to a wall. He had him an office out here on Main Street. A few times a week she'd go in at lunch, he'd draw the blinds, and they'd go into the back room for a little noon-time quickie, I guess."

"How'd they die?" Tim inquired.

"To tell the truth, I don't really know," the sergeant said. "A cleaning lady found them upstairs in that big bed stark naked. I always wondered what Marta looked like undressed. Sorry I had to find out the way I did."

"You were there?"

"Yep. He was lying on top of her, almost like they had just finished, well,

fucking. She had a smile on her face, and they were both stone-cold dead. Not a mark on them anywhere. We sent the bodies over to the county medical examiner, but I don't remember ever seeing a report on the cause of death. Strange too. They were both so young."

"What about the house?"

The sergeant shrugged. "Clyde Harris has been trying to sell it for years. I guess he's had ten or 15 couples rent the place, but none ever stayed for long."

"Why not?"

"Don't really know. Harris never could get a straight answer from any of them. Heard rumors about strange noises at night, but nothing definite. I know one thing for sure: At least two of those couples got a divorce as soon as they moved out. Ever since then folks have called the place 'Shady Manor.'"

Tim was puzzled. "Shady Manor? There aren't that many trees there."

"Back in the old days, shade was another word for ghost."

"Well, thank you. You've been a big help . . . I think."

That night, Tim had a dream of his own, and it turned out to be one of the most erotic experiences of his life. In his vision a sensuous girl crawled into bed and went down on him. She was young, very pretty, with long blond hair and a fantastic body. She sucked him tenderly, eagerly and avidly. Her mouth was silky, wet and demanding. Her tongue flickered over his cock and balls with the gentleness of a butterfly.

She made no sound at all and never looked at any part of his body except his rigid cock, which she bathed, caressed and swallowed. The fact that her mouth seemed to be strangely cool—almost cold—momentarily dredged up a chill of fear from somewhere in his mind. But instead, he surrendered to her insistent sucking and the delicious tingle of her throat around the head of his engorged penis.

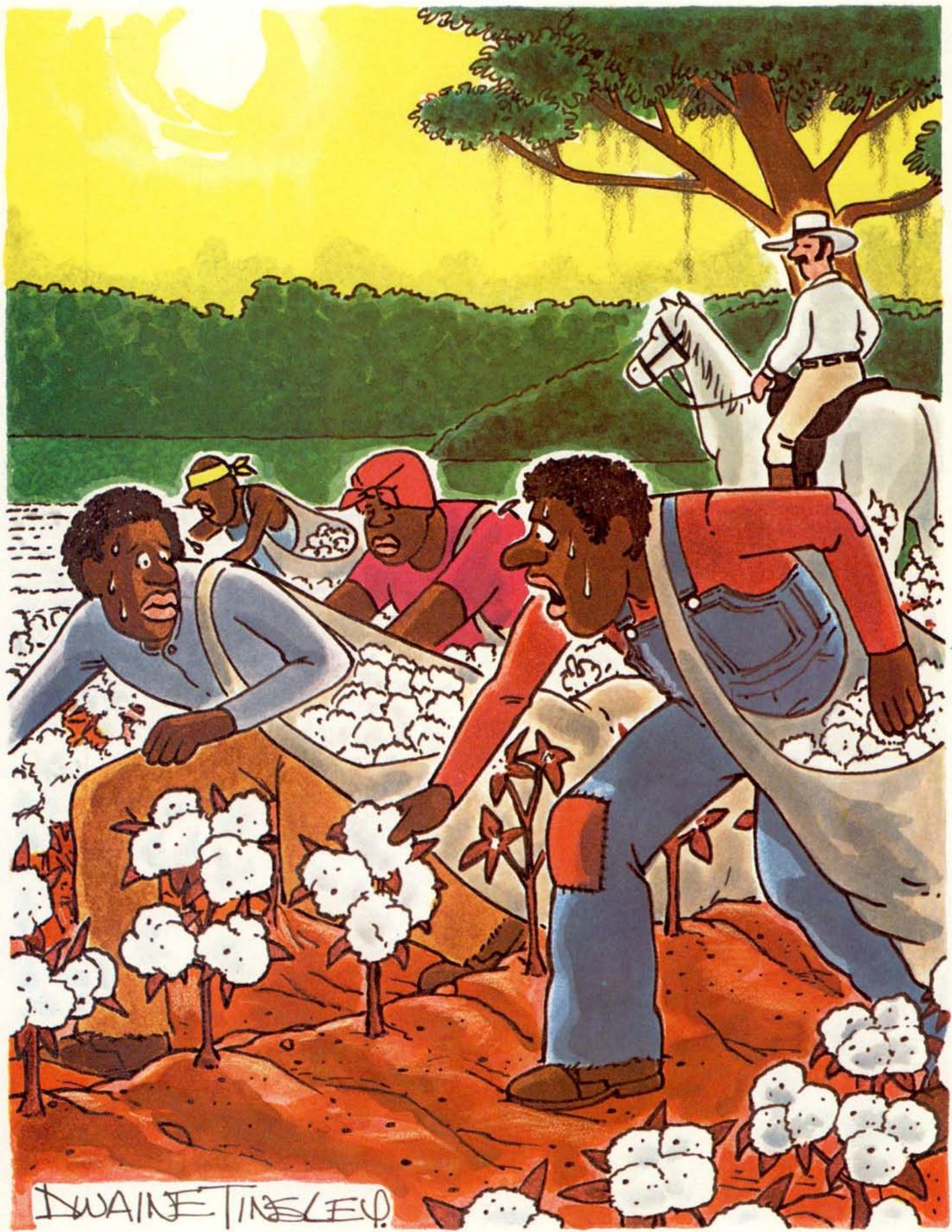
Soon one of her cool, slim fingers was probing delicately at his anus, inserting itself and finding his prostate gland. The sensation was overwhelming. He shuddered, and heavy liquid splashed against her throat, coating her tongue and overflowing from the corner of her mouth until she caught it with her fingertips and licked it off.

In the morning the memory of the dream was so vivid, he threw back the covers to examine the bed. Tim was positive he had come. Yet the sheets were clean and dry, and so was he.

At breakfast he tentatively broached the subject with his wife.

(continued on page 98)





"Lawdy. Sho' be glad when whitey discovers polyester!"

A photograph of a woman with blonde hair sleeping peacefully. She is wearing a white lace-trimmed nightgown. The background is a soft-focus outdoor scene with greenery and sunlight.

Ellarian









"One of my favorite sexual fantasies," says 19-year-old Marian from Honolulu, "is to dress up in white and lie on my balcony, letting the soft sea breezes blow across me. My juices start flowing when the wind caresses every part of my body and sneaks up between my thighs, gently teasing me. At times I imagine I'm a bride waiting for my husband to come in and make love to me on our wedding night. Other times I fantasize that I'm a heroine in some romantic novel and that some handsome, well-hung villain will come sweeping in and take me by force." Marian admits she has a full sex life away from her fantasies, "but sometimes I need that extra touch of sensuousness that I can create in my mind to really make me come."







GHOST STORY

(continued from page 88)

"Did you do anything to me last night, Kathy?"

"Like what?" she asked.

"Like, go down on me. A blowjob?"

"No way!" She smiled slyly. "But it's not a bad idea. I could get even with you for all those times you've fucked me when I wasn't awake."

Tim said nothing more, but he felt a chill come over him.

* * *

A 40-mile drive that afternoon took him to the county seat. One of his old business cards from the magazine got him an appointment with the medical examiner, who readily accepted an invitation for lunch. Over coffee, Tim made his confession.

"Doctor, I lied to you a little. I don't work for that magazine anymore."

"I know," the doctor said. "I had my secretary check you out."

"If you knew, why did you agree to see me?"

The medical examiner waved his hand. "I figured if you were willing to fill me with food and drink, even lie, you must want something pretty important. Why don't you go ahead, and I'll see if I can answer. I have to admit, my curiosity is slightly aroused."

"I'd like to know if you remember Alex and Marta Langston, a young couple who died some years back in Bellows Falls. Specifically, what was the cause of their deaths?"

"Ahhhhh . . . them. Why do you want to know?"

"My wife and I recently moved into their house."

"The Langston case has bothered me for close to 12 years, bugged the hell out of me every day. As medical examiner, my work is supposed to be confidential. But since you're the only person who's ever taken the trouble to inquire in all this time, I'll tell you. There was *no* cause of death."

"No official cause, you mean?"

"Official, unofficial or otherwise. There was *no* cause of death! Not that I didn't look. After my autopsy I called in a colleague from one of the big cities. We cut those bodies up so fine that the undertakers couldn't rebuild them. We found *nothing!* Those two people simply stopped living! To this day I don't know why. Do you?"

Tim shook his head. "I was hoping you could tell me. I thought it might be murder or suicide, or maybe some exotic poison."

"No," the doctor said emphatically. "I investigated the Langstons for almost eight months. They didn't have an en-

emy in the world, and they were very happy. Their one vice, if it can be called that, was their obsession with sexual activity. They enjoyed it immensely. Engaged in it several times a day, from what I understand. Didn't seem to be too particular about the time or place either. Other than that—nothing."

Tim rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Doctor, do you believe in ghosts?"

"If you expected me to laugh, Mr. Mathis, you'll be disappointed. I don't think I believe in them as much as I fervently hope they exist. If they do, then I know there is something after death, instead of total extinction. I've never seen one, but I have heard that your house is supposed to be haunted. Have you seen a ghost?"

"I'm not sure," Tim replied. "Tell me, would you believe a ghost could exhibit a . . . a . . . sexual appetite?"

The old man smiled. "Sorry. I almost *did* laugh at that one. I don't know why though. Remember, we're discussing something we know practically nothing about. I suppose anything is possible. But you've reminded me of something I had forgotten until just now—a comment my colleague made when we finally finished the Langston case. He said, 'Henry, if I didn't know better, I'd say the Langstons simply screwed themselves to death!'"

* * *

That night, Tim had his by-now-standard dream. Again the beautiful blonde sucked him until he was drained dry. Again the coolness of her lips and mouth brought momentary fear, which was almost immediately overwhelmed by the breathtaking sensations of her slurping tongue and probing finger. This time she moaned, deep in her throat, as he pumped what seemed like gallons of thick cum into her greedy mouth. At breakfast he asked his wife about it.

"No, I didn't do anything to you. And I think you're taking this a little too far. I'm not sure I like being fucked and not being awake enough to enjoy it. You did it again last night, Tim. I think you even gave me a hickey."

"I didn't make love to you last night."

After a moment she tasted his fingers, then smiled at him. "Well, I didn't do myself."

"I know," Tim said. "But I didn't make love to you last night, or most of those other nights either."

"Well, someone sure as hell did!"

"Or something."

The smile vanished from Kathy's face. "What are you talking about?"

He told her everything then. About watching her at night. About his conversations with the police sergeant and the county medical examiner.



"Know what? . . . I miss butt-fucking."

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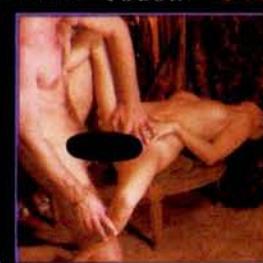
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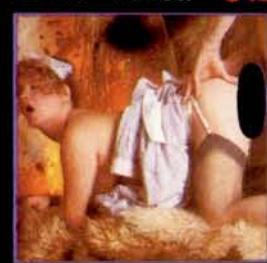
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"I don't like this at all, Tim." She was close to tears. "What are you telling me?"

"I'll tell you what I think," he said. "I think Alex and Marta Langston were very much in love. They enjoyed each other's body tremendously. In fact, I think their ghosts live in this house, and they're horny! That explains those moans from the guest bedroom. Marta is in there at night doing herself. She's hot and frustrated. Alex has been screwing you almost every night, and when we didn't leave, Marta finally got up the courage or the ability to come to me. We haven't been dreaming. We've been making love to ghosts!"

"I don't believe it," Kathy murmured. "I won't believe it. That just can't happen, can it?" Her eyes pleaded for her husband to say no.

"I think it did," Tim replied. "That's why none of the other tenants before us would stay in the house. The Langstons are looking for a couple to join them. The others became frightened or sickened at what was happening, and left."

Tim laid a photograph on the table. "Look at this," he said. "I got it from the medical examiner. It was taken just two months before the Langstons died."

"Oh, wow!" Kathy whined. "That's the man from my dreams!"

Tim nodded, pointing to the girl in the photo. "And that's Marta Langston, the girl who's been in my dreams the past few nights. Only now I'm sure they weren't dreams. Listen!"

They did, and heard nothing. It was as if the house, or something in it, were eavesdropping, waiting to see what they would do.

"I think it's the Langstons," Tim said. "They know we've figured it out, and they're waiting to see our reaction."

"Oh, Tim! Let's get out of here."

The two of them all but ran from the house. But going out the door, they both experienced an uncanny, painful sensation of deep sorrow that seemed to come from inside the dwelling.

The Mathises drove around town until well past dark, saying little, thinking a lot. Finally, Kathy laid a hand on Tim's arm. "This may sound crazy, honey, but I want to go back."

Tim smiled sheepishly. "I was about to suggest the same thing."

They lay in bed together for hours, unable to sleep. "I wonder what will happen now that they know we know," Kathy whispered. "Will it stop?"

"I don't know. We'll just have to wait and see. Do you want it to stop?"

She reflected on the possibilities. "I'm not sure."

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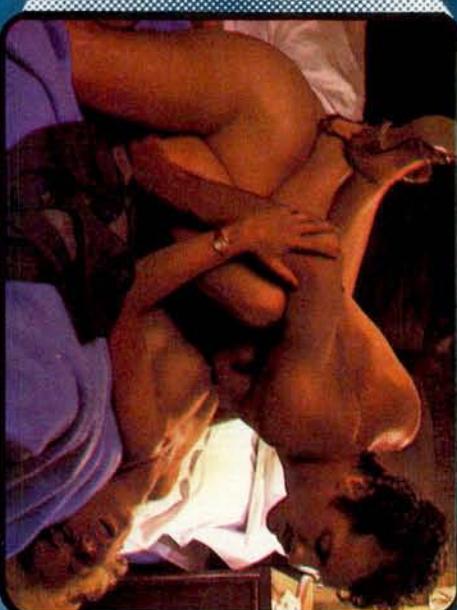
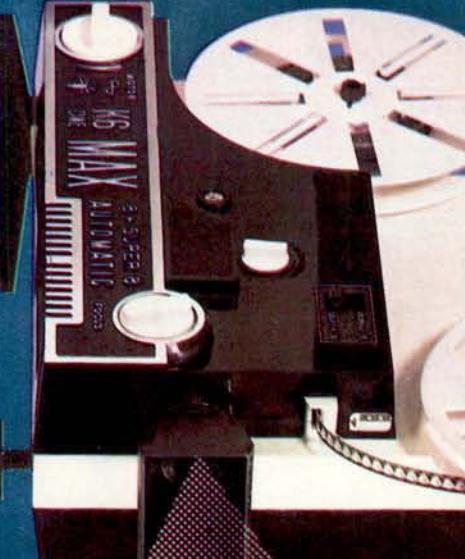
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It was dawn before sleep overtook them, and they slept until three the next afternoon. Tim was sitting at the table, naked, drinking coffee when Kathy came downstairs. Her robe was open, and the nipples of her quivering breasts bounced into view as she joined him. Tim felt his cock begin to harden as he watched her.

"I think I met Marta last night," Kathy said, rubbing her crotch. "You're right. She has a very talented tongue."

"How was it?" Tim asked.

She thought about that for a while. "It was very good, even though I wasn't really awake. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but it was some of the best I've ever had. And yet it made me want you even more."

"Go on," Tim said, pushing his chair back and drawing Kathy in front of him. She leaned against the edge of the table as his hands slipped inside her robe to stroke her hips and thighs while his lips nuzzled her belly. "What did Marta do?"

Kathy blushed. "She did things with her mouth. She kissed me."

"Where?" Tim asked. He went to his knees, burying his face between Kathy's legs, flicking out his tongue to caress the moist lips inside her slit.

"My cunt!" Kathy moaned. "She ate my cunt!"

Her eyes closed. She leaned back farther and spread her legs. Grabbing Tim's head, she pushed it into her crotch, grinding herself down onto his thrusting tongue.

"Marta ate me out like that. Oo-o-oh, more . . . more!"

Tim found the glistening nub of her clitoris bulging and aroused. He brought it into his mouth, then nibbled on it ravenously.

"She did that too," Kathy whispered, sagging against Tim's face. "Her mouth was cool, like Alex's cock, as if she had been sucking ice. The sensation against my cunt was just incredible!"

Now the robe was slipping from her shoulders and sliding to the floor. She supported herself on the table with her hands, draping her legs over Tim's shoulders. He probed deeply with his tongue, smearing his face and mouth with his wife's juices.

"Her tongue was like a snake." Kathy's lustful voice was almost unrecognizable. "It went everywhere. It made me come, over and over and over."

She lay back on the table, her legs spread wide. Standing tall, Tim could hear the slurping sound as his cock plunged into her. He leaned forward to kiss her, and her tongue worked its way over his face, licking her own juices from his cheeks.

He fucked her fiercely, his balls slapping against her ass. All the while she chanted in a whisper, "Marta, Marta, baby. Do me. Do me!"

Groping blindly with one hand, Kathy found Tim's half-empty cup of warm, sweet coffee. She poured it over herself, rubbing it into her breasts and belly. "Not in me!" she demanded, sensing that Tim was on the verge of climax. "On me. I want to watch it and feel it and taste it."

Tim groaned, sliding his cock over her coffee-slick belly as he came. The milky liquid spurted on her breasts, then trailed down to gather in the hollow of her navel.

She gripped his penis and squeezed, forcing out the last drops. Her other hand roamed over her own body, gathering gobs of coffee-laced cum, which she eagerly sucked from her fingers.

Panting as he supported himself on the table, Tim was both amazed at the animal-like ferocity of their lovemaking and delighted by Kathy's newfound sensuality and abandon. Finally, he straightened up, playfully slapping her on the bottom.

"Have you noticed a change in us in the past few weeks?"

"Yes," she nodded. "We seem closer, more relaxed, more like a husband and wife. It couldn't be because? . . ."

"Get dressed," Tim said suddenly.

"Where are we going?"

"We're going to see Clyde Harris. We're buying this place!"

When Tim and Kathy returned to the house, all the downstairs lights were on. The place seemed cheerful—almost happy. On the table, two lighted candles were surrounded by a display of cheese, crackers and wine.

They looked at each other and smiled.

"Alex and Marta know," Tim said. "I think they're contented. Are you?"

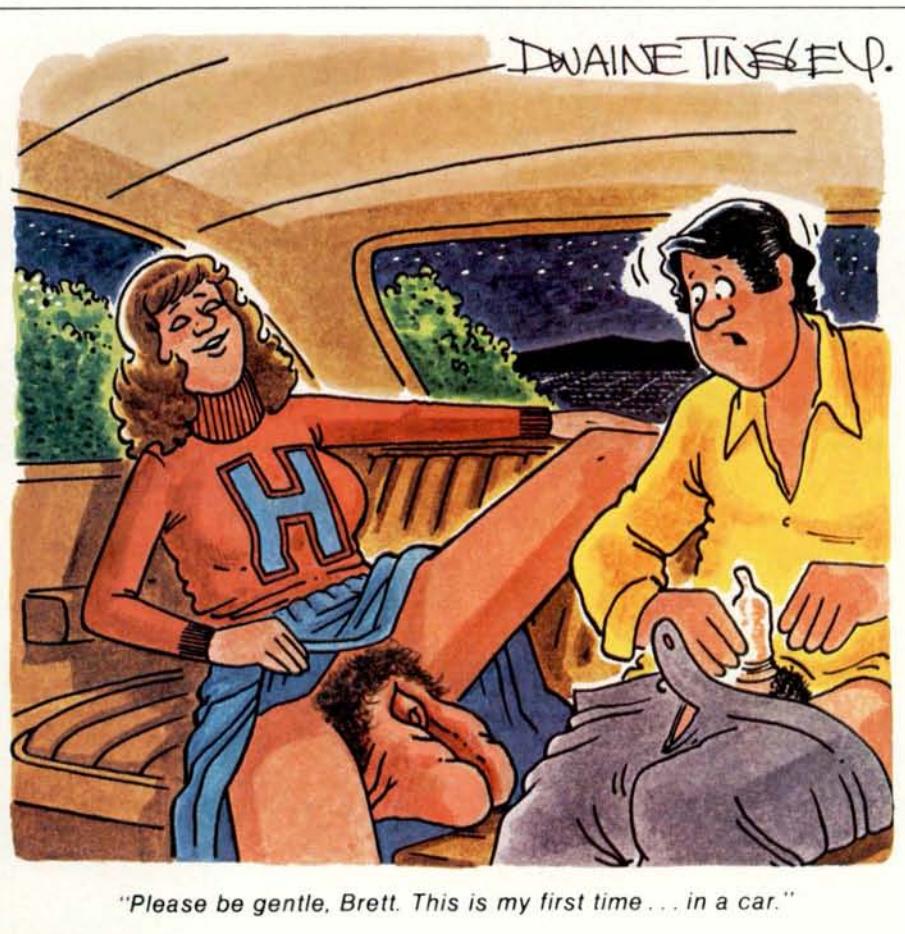
"I'm not sure," Kathy said. "Ask me again in the morning."

They each took a glass of wine and went upstairs. At the door to the master bedroom, Kathy turned, leaning against the wall. "I'm nervous. This is almost embarrassing. How could we ever explain this to anyone?"

"Who'd believe us?" Tim asked.

Suddenly, they both heard the sound of the zipper being lowered at the back of Kathy's dress. Through the fabric, Tim could see his wife's nipples beginning to harden with excitement. She shivered, pointing to the slowly opening door of the guest bedroom.

As Tim walked into the extra room, he heard a ghostly, yet unmistakably feminine sigh of longing. The door closed softly behind him.

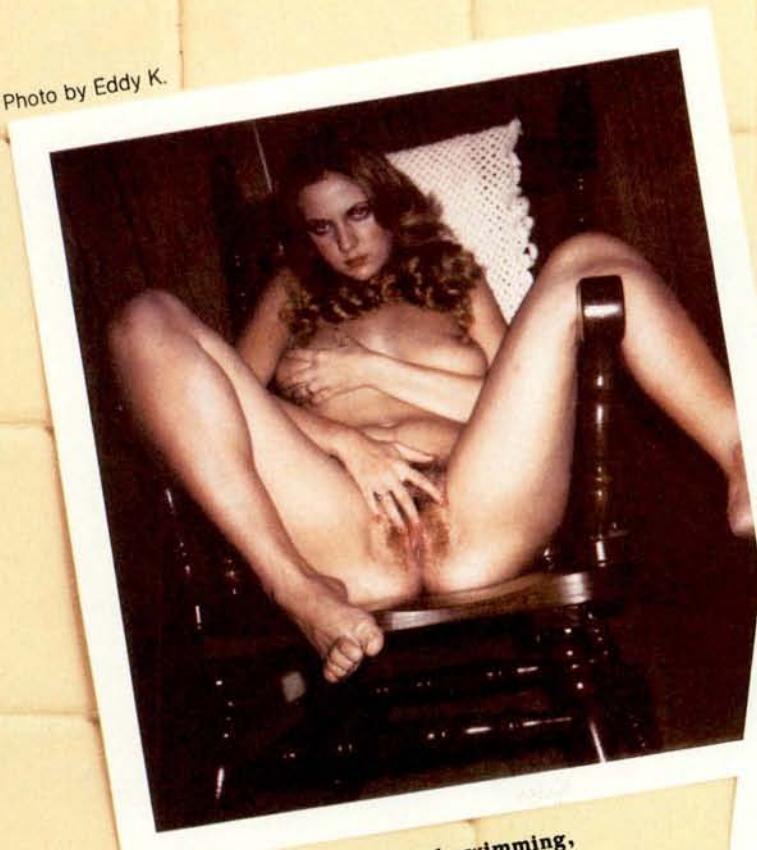


Beaver Hunt

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Photo by Eddy K.



Vanity K. stays in shape with swimming, tennis, boating and fishing. Being in a HUSTLER photo-spread would fulfill the wishes of this 20-year-old homemaker from Hubert, North Carolina.

Photo by Boyfriend



To be eaten out and fucked at the same time would satisfy the sexual desires of J. R., 28, a North Hollywood, California, nurse. She spends her time reading western novels, sunbathing nude and dancing.

Photo by Husband



Having her boyfriend alone and erect for 24 hours would satisfy the cravings of Susan, 18, from Killeen, Texas. She's also a mother, and enjoys taking care of her two children.



Photo by Mark M.

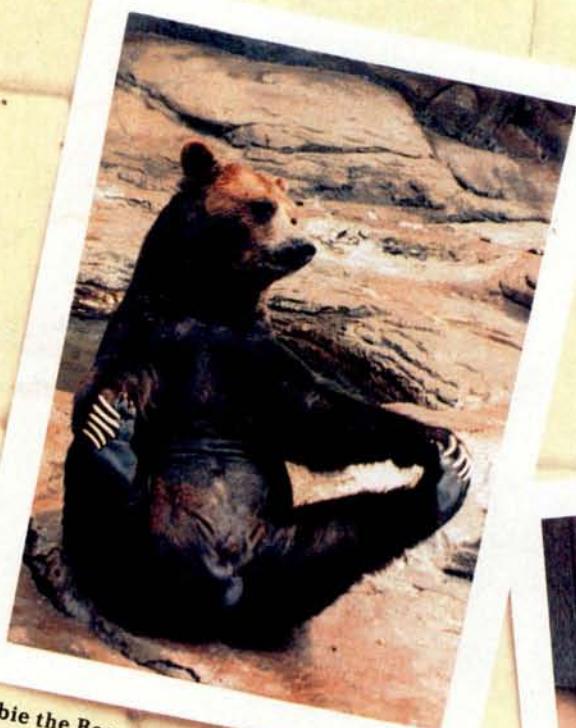
Dorothea Fookes from the Southwest enjoys growing plants and remodeling furniture. This 30-year-old accountant has no fantasy, she says, because "they've all been fulfilled."

Photo by R. Huffman



Rockford, Illinois, is home to Diane, a 31-year-old factory worker who says she likes to flash her beaver. Diane fantasizes about changing her measurements to a sexy 36-25-30.

Photo by A.H.O.



Bobbie the Bear is a nine-year-old male stripper who performs for his favorite female animals at a Houston, Texas, zoo. He fantasizes about being pawed and pampered by the unbearably beautiful Goldilocks.

Photo by Keith



"Screwing around" and ceramics are the primary interests of Linda, 29, from Sonora, California. This housewife's sexual fantasy is to have a great time with her husband and another woman out in the forest.

Guns, roller-skating and horseback riding provide pleasure for Tana, 32, a Columbus, Ohio, housewife, whose desires "have all been satisfied."



Photo by William Andrix

Getting it on in a crowded elevator with Long Dong Silver would take care of Angel's fantasy. She's a 24-year-old student from Akron, Ohio, whose hobbies include modeling and photography.

Photo by Husband



Nineteen-year-old Tammy from Corona, California, is a homemaker who enjoys singing and handicrafts. She fantasizes about making love with her husband on a mountaintop.

Photo by Gerard



Photo by Willie Ellis

Clifton, New Jersey, is home to 31-year-old Brandy, a bartender. She enjoys swimming and photography in her off-hours, and fantasizes about bedding down two men and appearing in HUSTLER with them.



One for the ladies

Photo by Lady Friend



Terry of Eureka, California, is a 30-year-old student who likes guitar, art and pickup trucks. He'd love to find and make love to a pair of twin sisters.

Photo by S. C.



A. F. G., a 21-year-old waitress and housewife from Hobart, Indiana, enjoys swimming, hiking, four-wheeling and mud wrestling. She fantasizes about one day becoming a stripper or topless dancer.

Twenty-three-year-old Eva P. wants to be a "close companion" of Vanessa Del Rio and Samantha Fox. The Anderson, South Carolina, model and businesswoman gets into New Wave music and porno flicks.



Photo by Sam Powell



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Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest—see page 103. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name/Name to be published

Address

Date of Birth Phone (include area code)

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

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Model's Legal Signature

Date

Model's Social Security Number

CONTAMINATED FOOD

(continued from page 58)

get 65¢ a pound from bakery customers.

The milk was to be shipped on seven trucks, three of which the FDA apprehended within a month. But more than half the milk was still unaccounted for. FDA inspectors tracked down more of it in Alcester, South Dakota, where they nabbed five people busily repackaging the contaminated dry milk from the "reject" bags into new bags bearing the forged label of a respected milk-producers' association.

In South Dakota, FDA compliance officer Robert Marrs had carefully done his homework, identifying all the members of the conspiracy. It included officials of Best Brands Inc., the St. Paul distributor that warehoused flour, flavorings and other supplies for sale to bakeries in a five-state area.

Nevertheless, 60,000 pounds of milk—some 20% of the total—had slipped into human-consumption channels in the Iowa City area. It took the FDA two years, 1,173 pages of documentary evidence and two grand-jury hearings before the culprits were found guilty. Prison sentences ranging from two to six months, along with hefty fines, were handed out. Yet nobody knows how many Iowans consumed breads, pies and cakes laced with rat and mouse urine.

To its credit, the FDA does its best to track down and destroy unhealthy food. In November 1978, for example, the agency recalled 7,400 packages of Stop and Shop turkey dressing on its way to Thanksgiving dinner tables. The dressing's spices were insect-infested. In October 1980 a chocolate-drink mix was pulled off the shelves of Southern California supermarkets after a customer reported finding pieces of glass in one container. In June 1981 an Illinois fireman was opening a can of mushrooms when it exploded. He immediately called the FDA. Testing established that the can contained Type B botulinus toxin, the most potent of food poisons. Consumer warnings were issued, and 5 million cans of suspect mushrooms had to be traced in 30 states. Luckily, not a single case of botulism was reported.

Others, however, weren't so fortunate. In a Stillwater, Minnesota, nursing home, five elderly women—the youngest of them 74—died when their food was infected with salmonella, a lethal bacterium. Forty-eight others, including employees, complained of vomiting and diarrhea.

"We don't know exactly how it happened," says Dr. Mike Osterholm of the Minnesota Health Department. "It

could have been from a food handler who didn't practice good hygiene after going to the bathroom."

One of the larger problems surrounding food poisoning is finding out precisely where and when substances we eat get infected.

In the fall of 1979 a Baltimore resident found a mouse baked into a loaf of rye bread. He immediately filed a \$600,000 damage suit against the bakery. When the suit received a lot of publicity, city, state and federal inspectors visited the bakery. They found 13 dead mice behind an oven, and three lots of food contaminated by rodents. The bakery recalled 20,000 pounds of coffee cakes, doughnuts, cookies, breads, rolls and pies. But no one could say how long this condition had existed before the inspection.

Contamination in an otherwise-quality-controlled plant is the hardest to detect. Since it might only affect an hour or a day's worth of production, a tainted item is unlikely to show up in a random spot check.

Potential trouble is often averted only by sheer luck. Recently, someone called FDA headquarters in Washington, complaining about glass found in a five-pound bag of sugar. The FDA confirmed that the sugar was manufactured by a single processor and sold under a number of different brand names. At the FDA's request the company voluntarily recalled all batches of sugar produced immediately before and after the time of the complaint. Several months later the FDA was able to trace the source of the glass. A light bulb had broken near one of the bag-filling lines, and an employee had cleaned it up without bothering to file a report.

Occasionally, a chemical will find its way into the food chain by accident, not only causing massive disruption but also posing the risk of physical harm. PCBs (polychlorinated biphenyls) are industrial chemicals that until 1977 were thought to be harmless. When it was discovered that PCBs cause reproductive failures, skin lesions and stomach disorders (and cancer in animals), they were banned. But they are still used as a coolant in older electrical equipment.

In July 1979 a routine sample of chicken liver and muscle was taken at a poultry plant in Utah. Nineteen days later, testing revealed high PCB levels. A Department of Agriculture inspector notified the FDA. It took two months to stop sales of the contaminated food, and even longer to find the source of the problem—a damaged transformer hundreds of miles away at the Pierce Packing Company in Billings, Montana.

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PCBs had been spilling into water added to make meat meal. The meal had been sold to farms, and meat and eggs were eventually contaminated. But this wasn't discovered until the foodstuffs were sold to a wide variety of companies, including Pepperidge Farm and Swift & Company. Nearly three months after the spill, Pierce finally recalled the meat meal.

By then, however, PCB-laden products from that one accident had been traced to 19 states and two foreign countries. Eventually, 1.2 million chickens, 30,000 turkeys, 5,300 hogs, 800,000 pounds of feed and 74,000 bakery goods were destroyed. Losses were estimated in the tens of millions of dollars.

A USDA official was appalled at the way the incident was handled, calling the agency's performance "slovenly and unacceptable."

Is anything guaranteed safe to eat? No—not even milk from a mother's breast. Dr. James Allen of the University of Wisconsin Medical School warns that if the milk of American nursing mothers was bottled, much of it would be condemned by the FDA as unfit for human consumption because of chemical residues.

It is a hard, cold fact of life that Mother Nature pollutes our food too. Usually, foods containing natural poisonous chemicals aren't dangerous, because the FDA ensures that rigid standards and levels are met. But sometimes these levels are exceeded.

Aflatoxin, a natural chemical derived from molds that develop on peanuts, corn and other grains, stands out as a perfect example. In foreign countries it is one of the most common causes of liver cancer. That disease is rare in the U.S. precisely because of strict aflatoxin limits allowed in our food.

Yet in August 1978, unacceptable levels of the substance were found in milk produced by United Dairymen of Arizona Inc., a cooperative that supplies 90% of the milk bottled in that state. The chemical was traced to the cotton seed contained in cattle feed; when used in this application, the seed is supposed to include no more than 20 parts per billion of aflatoxin. Yet when measured, the cotton seed had 4,826 parts per billion—240 times more than the permissible limit. Unbelievably, federal and state officials allowed the sale of some 800 tons of the milk to continue for nearly a month after the danger was discovered.

A year after the Arizona milk incident the General Accounting Office—the federal government's investigative agency—reported that imported fruits and vegetables often contain pesticide res-

idues previously banned in this country. The report was hardly a shock. Earlier in 1979 the GAO said the USDA woefully underestimated illegal-contaminant levels. The USDA had indicated that only 2% of our meat and poultry had dangerous levels of drugs and pesticides. The GAO argued that the figure was more like 14%, or seven times as much tainted food.

In addition, the GAO report criticized the USDA for considering only 43 of the 143 drugs and pesticides likely to be harmful. If that report was accurate, then we can be sure food testing is nowhere near adequate. The investigative agency also indicated that it takes six to 25 days to complete the analysis of a tissue sample. By that time, the meat or poultry in question often is already distributed (or eaten) and therefore untraceable once test results are known.

Weaknesses in the Food and Drug Administration's testing programs are further evident in the controversial and seemingly endless debate over food additives. For several years the agency has been reviewing a list of additives known as GRAS—an acronym meaning "Generally Regarded as Safe." After finally completing the study in 1980, the FDA suggested banning 18 additives and restricting the use of seven others.

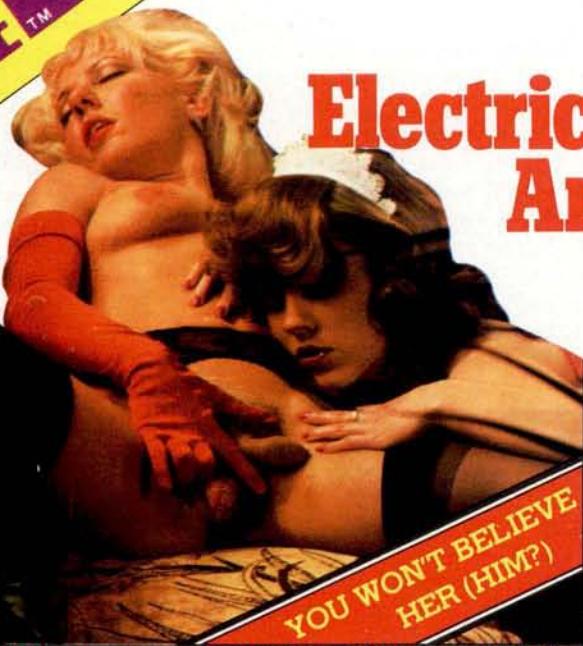
Because of possible harmful effects, additional investigation was recommended for the preservatives BHA and BHT and another 17 additives. If you check supermarket shelves, you'll find that BHA and BHT are used in virtually every other product that comes in a bottle or box, including beverages, oils, shortenings and cereals.

Some 68 other chemicals are now considered safe at current levels in food, but the FDA wants to conduct more research to determine whether their prolonged use might be hazardous to our health. The problem with this kind of approach is that most of these additives are deemed safe until proven otherwise.

Even the reliability of test data used by the FDA to make decisions about banning additives has been questioned. Before marketing a new chemical, a company must submit the results of tests for safety to the proper regulatory agency. Since the laboratories are clients of firms that want to sell products undergoing tests, a built-in conflict of interest exists. There is no safeguard to keep a lab from saving itself time and money simply by making up test results.

The FDA has established a Good Laboratory Practices standard—meaning it doesn't accept data from just any place with a test tube and a Bunsen burner. But some food companies are not above offering bribes to assure favorable find-

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ings. And there is no telling when a supposedly honest testing house resorts to lying.

Back in 1976 just such a situation occurred. Industrial Biostest Labs Inc., then the largest commercial testing lab in the country, was caught misrepresenting the results of studies on food additives. Similar incidents were subsequently uncovered, and a year later Congress gave the FDA \$16 million to create a test-monitoring program. Yet recent studies show that shoddy and falsified research still continues.

Still another shortcoming involving food testing of any kind—whether it be for additives or chemicals—is the FDA's lack of any method to probe for substances it doesn't expect to find. The PCB contamination caused by the Pierce Packing Company was discovered only because investigators knew the chemical existed and had a specific test for it.

How often has our food supply been steeped in chemicals no one suspected as poisonous? Many, many times, says the Office of Technological Assessment (OTA), another Congressional advisory agency.

A 1979 OTA study said that toxic substances in foods may pass unnoticed for years. It called the problem of undetected contaminants one of "ominous dimensions."

One example of an ominous dimension happened less than ten years ago. It was an incredible accident that ended up poisoning the entire state of Michigan, dramatically illustrating how public-health agencies often bungle the job of protecting us from unhealthy food.

In May 1973 some poorly marked bags of polybrominated biphenyl (PBB)—used in fireproofing plastic products—were inadvertently mixed in with a feed blend sold by Michigan Farm Bureau Services. (PBB, a chemical similar to PCB, has been found to cause enlarged livers, brain hernias, birth defects and growth retardation in monkeys, rats and mice. Although studies are in progress, it's not yet known whether the chemical causes birth defects in humans.)

The organization supplied feed to farms all over the state. Soon after the mix-up, farmers began complaining that cows, dogs and chickens were dying, and that other farm animals were losing fur, getting sores and developing toughened skin like that of an elephant.

Stymied, the USDA copped out—suggesting that poor farming practices were causing the problem. Before long, farm families—who traditionally put their own produce on the dinner table—began to suffer rashes, fatigue, hair loss,

(continued on page 132)

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When I went to Singapore on a two-week vacation, I figured it would be a typically exotic Far East city. Instead I found it more like Los Angeles, only full of Orientals.

I was interested in some "rest and recreation"—sampling the local treats (and I don't mean the egg rolls). My buddies who'd been to Singapore told me there was one place I shouldn't miss: Bugis Street.

The hotel doorman said that Bugis was ordinary by day, but that at night auto traffic was diverted and sidewalk restaurants sprang up. From his tone, I gathered the action must be unsavory—so much the better.

My first night in town I took a cab to Bugis, and sure enough, everyone and his uncle was milling around, staring at the Asian lovelies. Not all the girls had slanted eyes. Some had had operations, while others did their best to copy the all-American look. They weren't all small in the tit department either, and most of their curves were sensational.

Enjoying the scene, I sat down on a bench and had a smoke. Before long, two girls stopped me for a light. They seemed clean and friendly, especially the one with the big tits who looked like an Oriental Dolly Parton (her hair was piled high and tinted blond). "You ladies live around here?" I asked. They said yes, and beckoned

me to come see where. Then the one who called herself Cindy took me by the hand. She wasn't as pretty or as well-built as Dolly, but she seemed more feminine and vulnerable.

We went up some stairs, into a bare room with a cot and two chairs. Twenty bucks each, they said; a half-hour total, anything I wanted. I took off my jeans and began squeezing Dolly's breasts, which were as big as cantaloupes and had to have been the real thing. She peeled off her silk blouse and pulled my head to her heaving chest. I found a place in the valley of her cleavage and eagerly chewed my way out. My cock shot up, ready for action.

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



SINGAPORE FLING

by Ralph Maddox

Dolly's tits were scented with some mysterious perfume, and it worked its magic on me. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Cindy sitting on the cot, removing her top, spilling out two girlish brown boobs that were prettier than her friend's—perfectly curved, with discreet nipples. She really caught my attention, though, when she pulled down her pink panties, lay back and stuck a finger in her neatly shaved dark-bushed cunt. When she pulled it out, it traced a sweet path up her flat stomach, between her tits, up her long neck and into her mouth.

Dolly, topless but still not bottomless, sat down in one of the chairs and

pinched her tits, then copped a feel under her skirt. I fantasized about a three-way in which I screwed the one and sucked on the other's tits.

Suddenly, I had to decide who to fuck first, without wasting any more time on foreplay. Dolly had a suggestion: She'd take my cock up the ass, and Cindy would play with both of us. Dolly's only request was to keep her skirt on. I gathered she had pantyhose as I reached up to feel, but she giggled and slapped my hand away.

I lay back, and she opened her butt with her hand (there must've been a hole in her hose) and eased her anus down onto my stiff shaft. As her sphincter muscles tightened, she teased my balls with her long fingernails.

Meanwhile, Cindy was at the foot of the cot, stroking the soles of my feet, tickling, kissing the ball of one foot, then sucking the big toe of the other, distracting me so I couldn't come too soon. It felt fantastic in my groin and my feet, and I was almost shuddering with the hazy pleasure. Dolly was squeezing her tits and playing with herself beneath her skirt. Maybe she had a scar on her thigh and didn't like anyone seeing it; maybe it gave her a kick to never let a john see her twat; maybe she saved her gash for her female lover. Whatever, I'd never felt so good or so turned on in my life.

Now Cindy eased around and straddled me so she could kiss Dolly full on the lips. Although I was momentarily jealous, it somehow excited me. I reached out and squeezed Cindy's girlish ass, fingering the crack. Then I exploded, thrusting violently up into Dolly's bunghole, the base of my cock feeling the harsh fabric, the packed-in flesh. It was bizarre, but I was lost in spasms of pleasure, shooting and shooting into the slant-eyed temptress and holding tight to her girlfriend's slender waist.

When I collapsed back, Dolly hopped off and padded into another room. Five minutes were left, and I was raring for more! Cindy got on her back, and I

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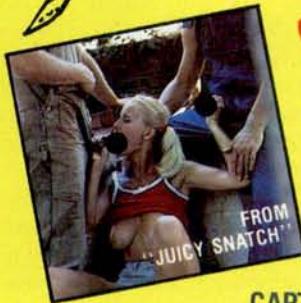
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effortlessly slid into her, pumping rhythmically, never losing my erection. I looked down; she was smiling, sexy as all get out. Her bare legs were wrapped around my neck while her vaginal muscles worked full-speed, doing wonderful things to my cock in there. I banged into her furiously, thrusting as deep as possible, my mind soaring higher and higher, until the gate broke and I shot another load. I sank back into her, my dick still shivering, and covered Cindy's mouth with kisses, which she passionately returned.

I got up and headed for the john just as Dolly stepped out. I washed, then dressed and paid up. "You two aren't sisters, are you?" I asked casually.

"Sort of," Cindy answered.

"Actually," Dolly said matter-of-factly, "we're married." I held back a snicker. So they *were* lezzies. And "married" ones at that.

I tipped each girl, and couldn't resist one more squeeze of Dolly's boobs. Then I gave each pert nipple a kiss. "You like?" she beamed. I nodded.

"Silicone," Cindy said in a rather jealous tone that also contained pride and amusement. Since I didn't want to get involved in a "family" quarrel, I said goodbye and left.

A half-block away I cursed out loud; I'd forgotten my watch! Heading back, I hoped the girls would be honest enough to return it. The door was open, but the room was empty. I spotted my watch lying on a chair, tiptoed over and picked it up. I backed out, leaving the door ajar. Then I heard them come out of the john.

I should have kept going. But curiosity got the best of me. It was dimmer than before, but I could finally make them out, both naked. I glanced at Dolly's irresistible tits, then looked down . . .

I couldn't have missed it; it was hard and purplish and at least seven or eight inches long! My mind spun backward and sideways—the skirt, the specially rigged pantyhose. My eyes were stuck on the busty man (or man-woman) I'd called Dolly. "She" joined Cindy in bed.

At the time, I felt appalled and cheated. But back at the hotel, after the initial shock wore off, I remembered the good time I'd had, and how both Cindy and "Dolly" had been so accommodating, trying to make it hot for me. I'd seen happiness in their eyes; I couldn't judge them.

I've done a lot of traveling since then, and I've come to realize it's a big, wide world, with plenty of room for everybody and every taste. What the hell—sex is sex is fun. ☺

Honey

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IT IS? I WAS HOPING IT WAS TOO LITTLE!

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WOW!

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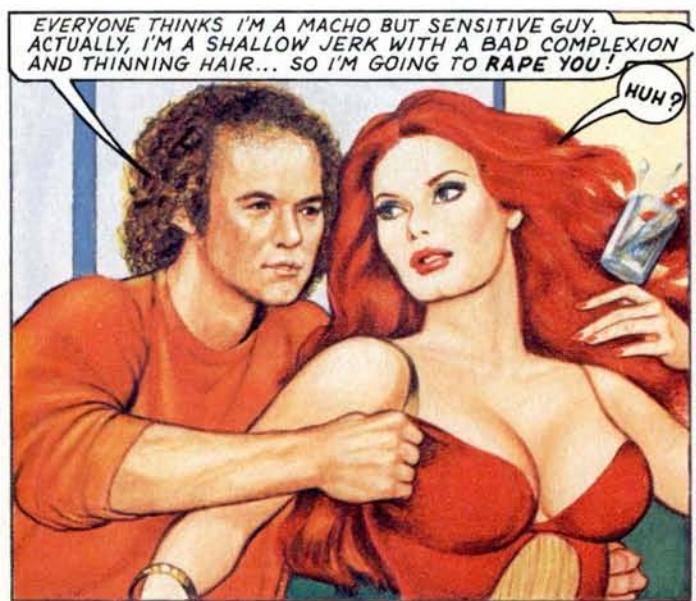
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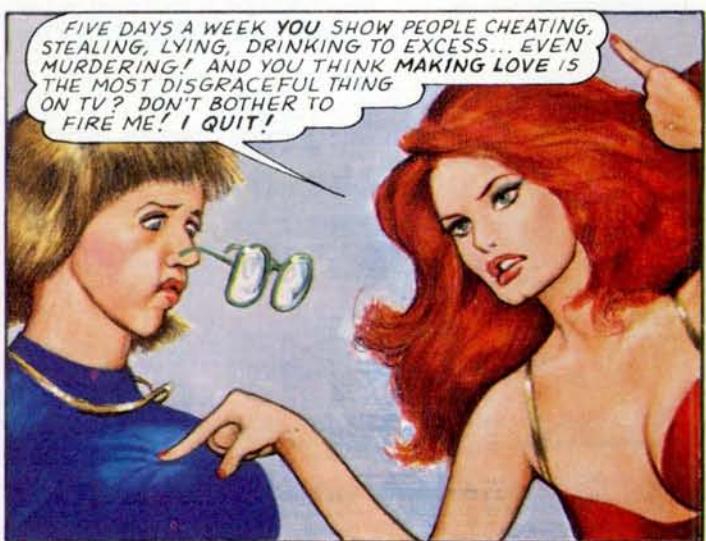
IT'S A DREAM-COME-TRUE TO STAR IN A SOAP OPERA, SO HONEY ALLOWS THE CASTING DIRECTOR TO GIVE HER THE PART!

HERE'S A QUICK RUNDOWN ON THE PLOT. LUKE RAPED LAURA AND SHE FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM; LAURA IS THE ILLEGITIMATE DAUGHTER OF LESLIE, WHO'S MARRIED TO RICK, BUT HE REALLY LOVES MONICA; MONICA'S MARRIED TO ALAN, BUT CLAIMS THE FATHER OF HER CHILD IS RICK....

T
S
G







This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

EROTIC AUDIO

Much like the selling of used panties, nude snapshots and sexually explicit phone services, the erotic-audio-tape business has become a breeding ground for hopeful porn tycoons. Unlike the making of videotapes, films or magazines, audio eroticism is relatively inexpensive and requires little expertise. The main ingredients are imagination, a tape recorder and a sexy voice.

Suzanne and *Jeremy* are two lines of erotic tapes started by porn rookies. Both are basically one-person operations. The voice and brains behind *Suzanne* is a 42-year-old Santa Cruz, California, woman who decided to apply her advertising background to the audio-porn market. "I saw potential there," she says. "Of course, video is better, but video costs much more. I was looking for something I could do myself."

So, with the help of a home cassette machine, she recorded a one-hour masturbatory sermon titled "*Suzanne and John*." That evolved into a second tape—"Suzanne, Mona and Jack"—and a third, bondage-oriented effort called "*Suzanne, Jim's Slave*."

"The only voice on the tapes is mine," she explains. "The other characters are the listeners. It's like I'm talking dirty on the phone, and you're hearing only my voice. I consider my products masturbation aids or novelty party items. I'm learning as I go, and so far the response has been good."

Jeremy is the brainchild of a 34-year-old whose old girlfriends used to

request tapes of his voice; that started him thinking about a career in audio porn. This is an area he believes can be more erotic than video because the visuals are left up to the imagination of the listener. While most sex tapes are geared toward men, the half-hour *Jeremy* audio is for the ladies.

The tape's creator feels women want more emotionalism in their sex, and he conceived *Jeremy* as the fulfillment of those needs. "I wanted my tape to have credibility," he says. "So I sent copies to psychologists. They felt that not only was it a good fantasy tool for women, but that the tender, loving, nonmacho quality of *Jeremy* could provide a good role model for men."

Some people need more than audio eroticism to attain satisfaction. For others, a sultry voice is enough. If you think you'd like getting off to the sounds of sex, maybe you should give some sex tapes a listen. *Suzanne* tapes cost \$15 each from JCO (522½ King St., Santa Cruz, CA 95060). The *Jeremy* audio tape costs \$10.95 from Misty Bear Productions (P.O. Box 2574, Beverly Hills, CA 90213).

DIAPER DELIGHTS

I have been interested in infantilism (engaging in sex while wearing baby clothing) for quite some time. I've heard about a company on the West Coast that handles kinky attire. Since I haven't been able to find any place in Chicago that deals with my fetish, can you help me?

—T.R.S.
Chicago, Illinois

The place you have in mind is *Uba's Fashions* in Hollywood, California. Uba, a 60-year-old woman, opened her costume store in 1969 and has been making adult baby clothing in quantity since the mid-1970s. She sells king-size diapers, rubber panties, satin baby bonnets, bib overalls, one-piece romper suits and more. Some of her items can be bought off the rack, while others (such as romper suits and sun dresses) are made to order. For a catalog and price list, send \$4 to *Uba's Fashions* (6013 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90028).

TOE JAM

I am a foot fetishist. Do you know of any establishments that have products pertaining to my fetish and other kinky obsessions?

—M.K.
Boston, Massachusetts

Platinum Press (9237 W. 3rd St., Suite 80, Beverly Hills, CA 90210) offers a wide variety of fetish-oriented films, videocassettes, magazines and accessories.

For the foot fan, *Platinum* has recently released what it claims are the "world's first" foot-fetish films. Titled "Foot Slave" and "Hot Feet," these loops contain a veritable orgy of soft-core toe-licking and foot-fondling. If you don't own an 8mm or Super 8 projector, still photos from these films can be purchased from the company.

In addition, *Platinum Press* puts out *Foot Worship*, a magazine devoted exclusively to bare and covered female feet. A \$3 investment will get you a year's subscription to *Platinum*'s brochures of new and unusual items.

LATIN LOOPER

Vanessa Del Rio is my favorite X-rated movie star. I could watch her fuck and suck forever. What's the latest scoop on any new home movies in which she is featured?

—G.B.
Austin, Texas

Krow Enterprises (P.O. Box 10842, Chicago, IL 60610), an old reliable in the porn-film market, has put out a brand-new six-part loop series in silent 8mm and Super 8 titled *The Erotic World of Vanessa*. If balls-out fucking is what you're after—and you don't mind forgetting about plot—then this may be just what you're looking for.

"Thunderhole Cummer" features *Del Rio* in a lively threesome with a man and another woman. "The Lucky Patient" is also a threesome effort, but this one is set in a hospital. "A Date With Vanessa" puts the Latin sex star in a one-on-one situation, eagerly engaging in everything from prolonged cocksucking to amazing asshole-fucking. "Vanessa Does Debbie" involves the lady in a lesbian love-in, and climaxes with *Del Rio* shoving two dildos up her partner's ass and pussy. "Anal Party" takes you to an orgy, while "Fever Pitch" is another arousing twosome-sex scene.

Krow's owner notes that *Vanessa's* sex-hungry acting style has made her loops as popular as *Seka's*. Judging by these latest releases, we can see why. The whole series costs \$115, with three loops retailing at \$60 and individual loops going for \$22. 



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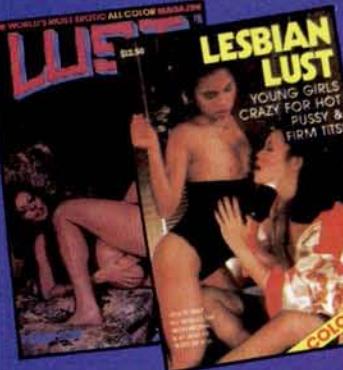
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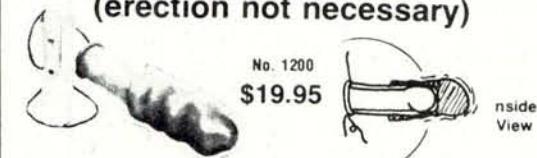
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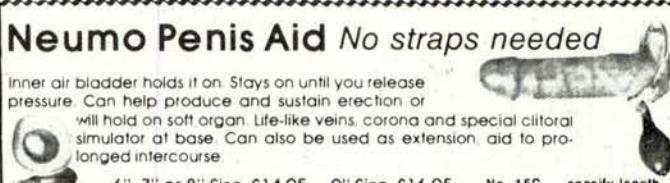
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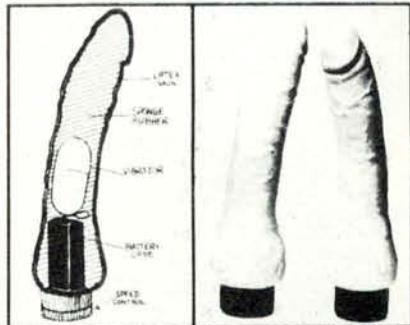
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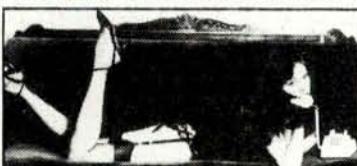
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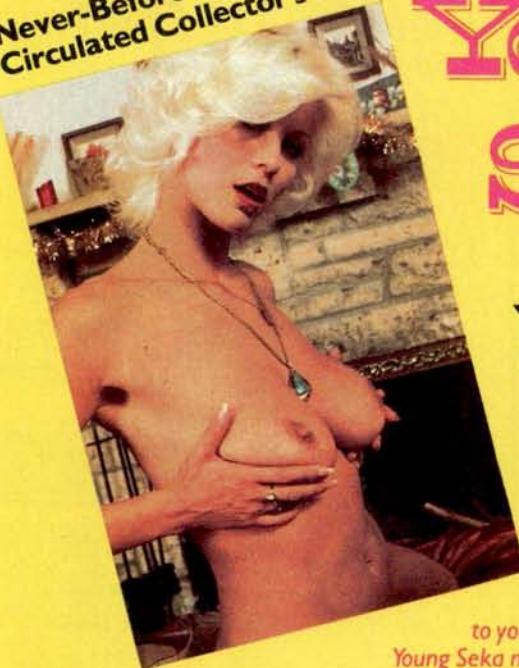
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CONTAMINATED FOOD

(continued from page 112)

stomach pains and memory lapses.

The confused Michigan State Department of Health wasn't certain what was happening either; so it attributed the disorders to situational stress. It wasn't until a year after the accident that a veterinarian and a dairyman-chemist identified PBB as the source of the wide-ranging sickness.

The agencies involved had been totally negligent in detecting the culprit chemical. Michigan health authorities finally completed a survey two years after the contamination occurred. But its work was wasted when it was found that the control group—those people assumed to be healthy who were tested against sick people—was also contaminated.

Eventually, health officials concluded that all of Michigan's 9 million citizens had at least some PBB in their systems. It's reasonable to assume that the millions of other people who visited the state, or at least ate Michigan produce during the height of the contamination, were also infected. (In addition, PBB turned up in 13 other states in the wake of this incident.)

The unprecedented plague prompted the destruction of 40,000 pigs, sheep and cows, some 1.5 million other animals, plus huge quantities of eggs, dairy products and animal feed. The two companies involved paid out \$40 million in settlements to farmers who had bought the poisoned feed. After a long court struggle the firms also settled with farmers who hadn't used the feed but were contaminated anyway. The USDA ended up spending \$20 million on a monitoring program. Meanwhile, the state of Michigan is still suing the responsible parties for \$120 million in expenses.

"Total losses will exceed \$1 billion before this is over," estimated Michigan State Senator Donald Riegle Jr. His projection didn't include money spent by all those who got sick and had to see doctors—a cost that can never be accurately assessed.

Is it impossible to assure safe food? Some formerly health-conscious consumers seem to think so. Faced with all kinds of problems—from inadequate safeguards to ineffectual regulatory agencies to a profit-obsessed food industry—the apathetic among us have found it's easier to eat, drink and be merry without worrying about tomorrow.

But for the many of us who realize that we are what we eat, those who persist in pushing poisonous food have become too much to digest.

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PROFILE: DARRELL WALTRIP

(continued from page 54)

placed one another at the head of the pack. Many top contenders—Petty, Yarborough and Earnhardt among them—dropped out early with mechanical difficulties. Bobby Allison managed to grab the lead six times during the first 83 laps—until Waltrip took it away from him on the 84th.

Allison lunged ahead again on the 156th lap and held on for the next 25. But with only seven laps to go, a vibration in his engine caused him to begin losing power. When Allison fell off the pace, Waltrip seized the moment, regaining the lead on the 182nd lap. In the pits, Junior Johnson and the rest of the Dew crew smiled expectantly, nervously clenching their fists.

On the last lap, driving 195 mph down the straightaways, Waltrip maintained only a hair's-breadth lead over two virtual unknowns, Terry Labonte and rookie Ron Bouchard. Then suddenly, coming out of the fourth turn and into the final sprint, Bouchard caught the tailwind vacuum of the two cars in front of him just right, ducking to the inside wall and—incredibly—nosing out Waltrip and Labonte at the finish.

Back in the nearly deserted garage area, Waltrip quietly spoke with Johnson and the rest of his crew—trying to figure out how he'd lost the three-hour, 11-minute and 24-second race by two feet and less than one-hundredth of a second. "Ain't that awful!" he groaned, shaking his head and grinning through a layer of soot coating his face. "There I was, racing Labonte, and I didn't even know Bouchard was in the race!"

Still, Waltrip and the Dew crew took considerable consolation in gaining ten points in the seasonal chase with Allison, who finished fifth. The \$22,900 paycheck wasn't too hard to take either. (Four months later, Waltrip clinched the Winston Cup points title by finishing sixth at the Western 500 in Riverside, California. And he increased his 1981 earnings to a record \$700,000 plus).

But there was something even more significant that emerged from Waltrip's second-place finish at Talladega—the graceful way he accepted defeat, and the uncommon praise he gave the driver who stole victory from his grasp.

"I'm proud of that guy [Bouchard]," he said. "He's a rookie, and if I couldn't win the race, it makes me feel kinda good about seeing him win it."

It was an amazing turnaround for the onetime renegade of the racetracks. On the way to becoming NASCAR's 1981 champion, maybe he was finally coming of age.

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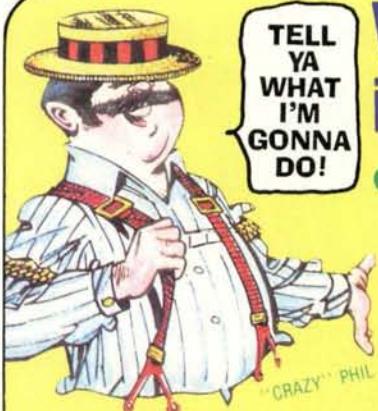
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NEXT MONTH

April issue on sale February 23, 1982



TED TURNER—This hard-drinking, hard-charging good ol' boy built a multimillion-dollar sports and communications empire by relying on his own maverick instincts. Whether at the helm of his championship yacht *Courageous* or on a podium scoring the TV "niteworks" for "horseshit programming," the Mouth of the South plays by his own rules...and plays to win. Journalist Mark Zussman takes a fascinating look at one of America's most dynamic—and controversial—personalities.

WORLD HUNGER—On the streets of Calcutta, India, poor people pick through scraps of cow dung looking for undigested grain. In Brazil they sell their own kidneys so they can buy

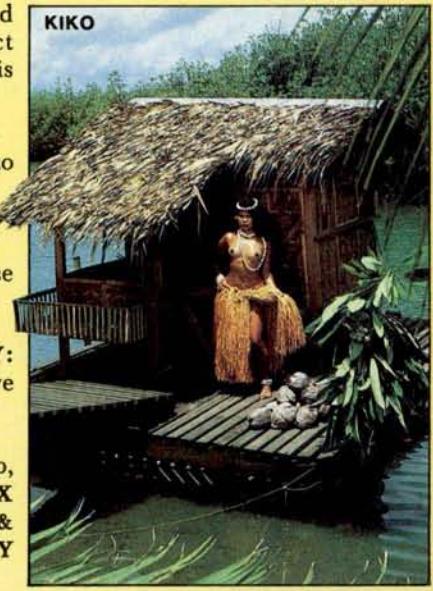
a decent meal. For these unfortunates and 500 million others like them, just getting enough to eat is a full-time battle. In this gut-wrenching look at the problem's causes and possible cures, Ben Pesta explains why world hunger is a "hidden Holocaust" we can no longer afford to ignore.

BODY BANK—Chase Hall and his sexy girlfriend are among 2,000 well-paid people working in an enclosed factory on one of Jupiter's moons. When this pair cook up a scheme to make even more money, they discover deceit, jealousy and revenge are really "universal" themes. Cosmic fiction by Charles B. David.

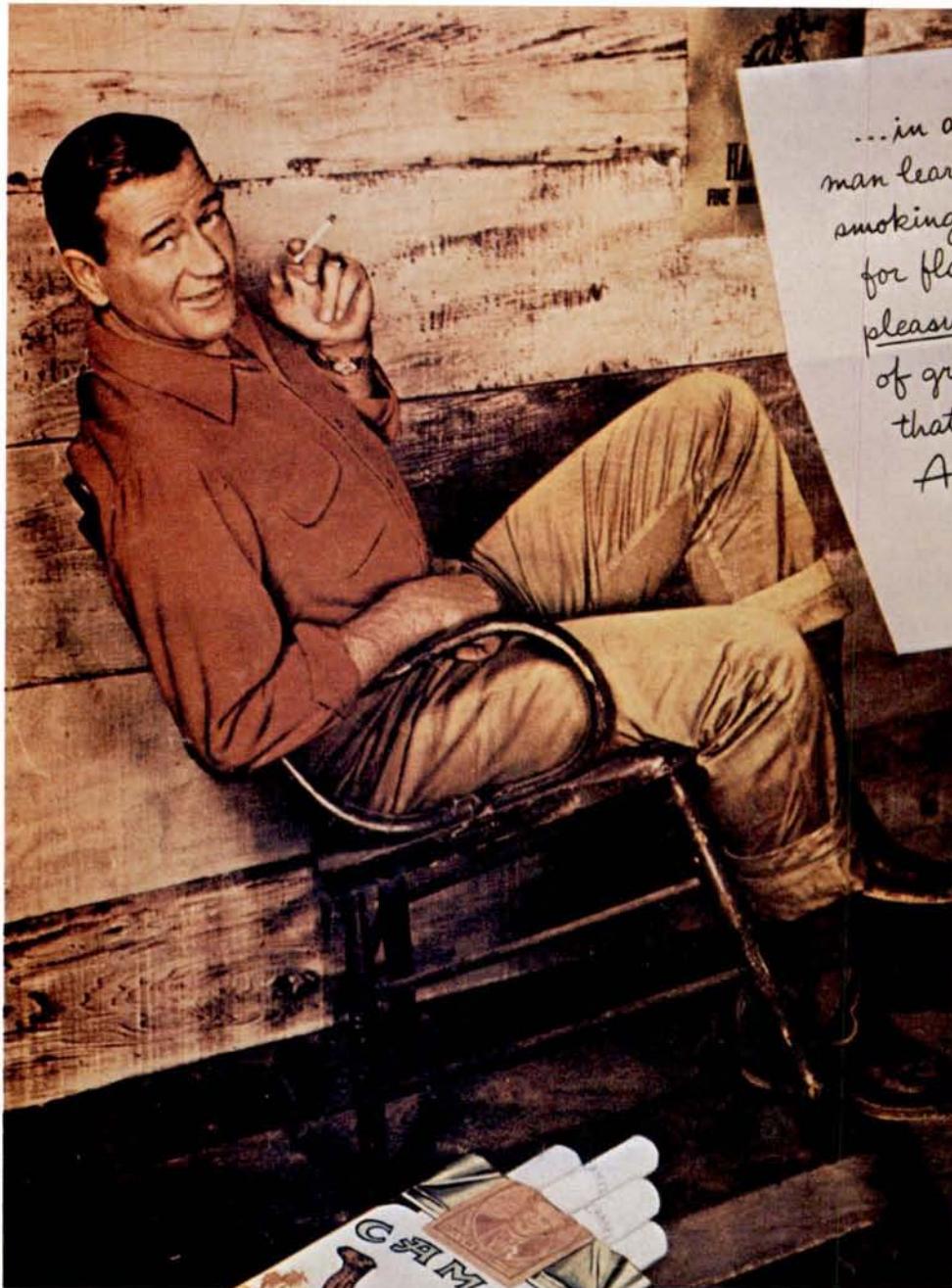
DANGEROUS SWINGERS' ADS—What if wacko assassins, fanatic dictators and crazy mass murderers placed advertisements seeking their perfect sex partner? You'll find out in this thigh-slapping black-humor spoof.

PHOTO-FEATURES—You'll want to sow your wild oats after seeing **FARMER'S DAUGHTER**, next month's centerfold. Then **TINA: LAZY LADY** offers a perfect excuse for lying down on the job. **KIKO: HAWAIIAN WAHINI** looks like she'd make a great lei, while **CORKY: LET ME ENTERTAIN YOU** will have everybody panting for an encore.

PLUS—An astounding April lineup, including **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **SEX PLAY**, **KINKY KORNER**, **BITS & PIECES**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **HONEY** and **BEAVER HUNT**.



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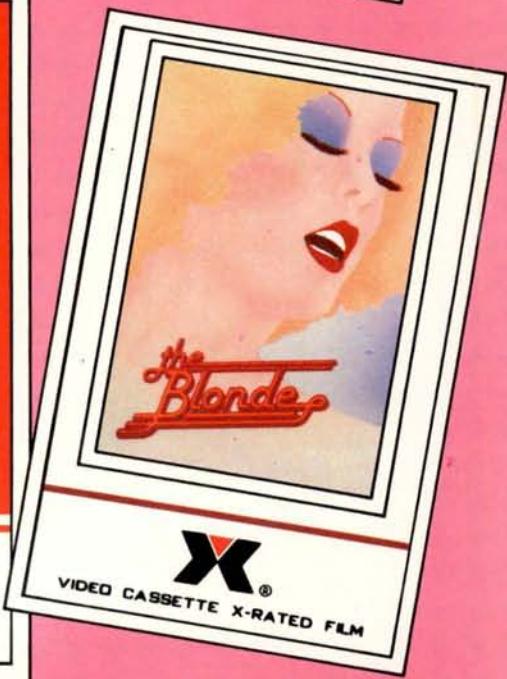
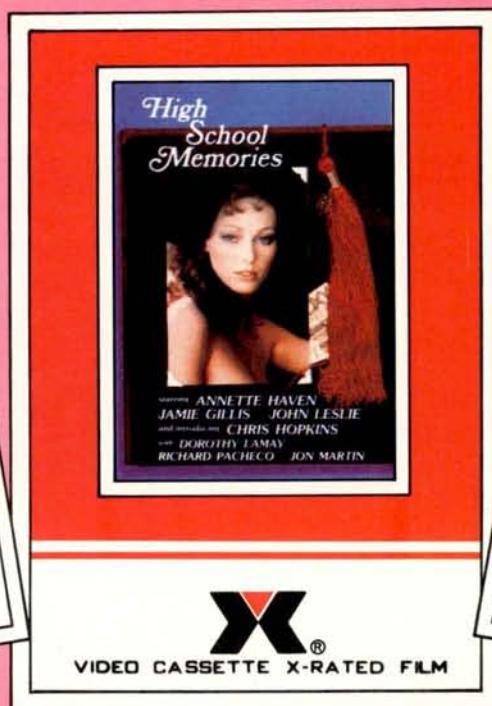
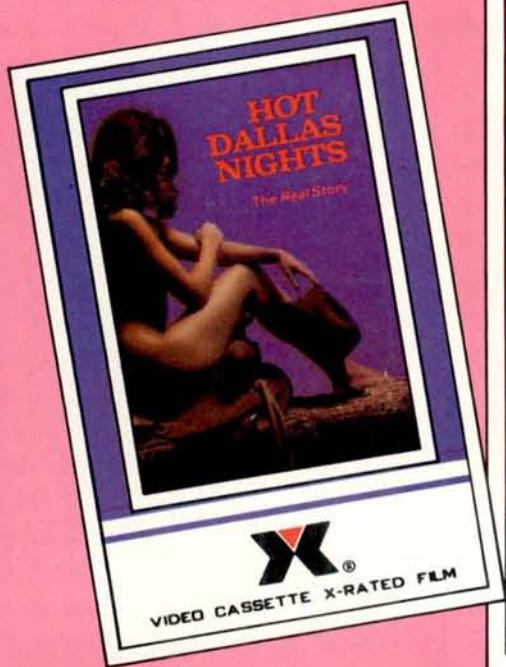
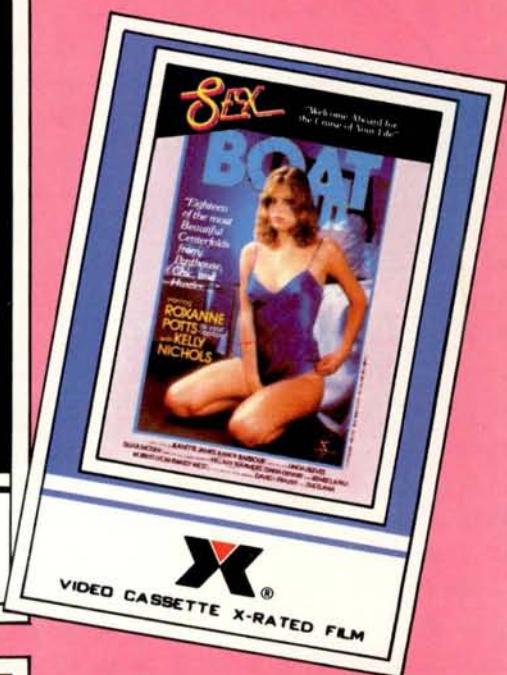
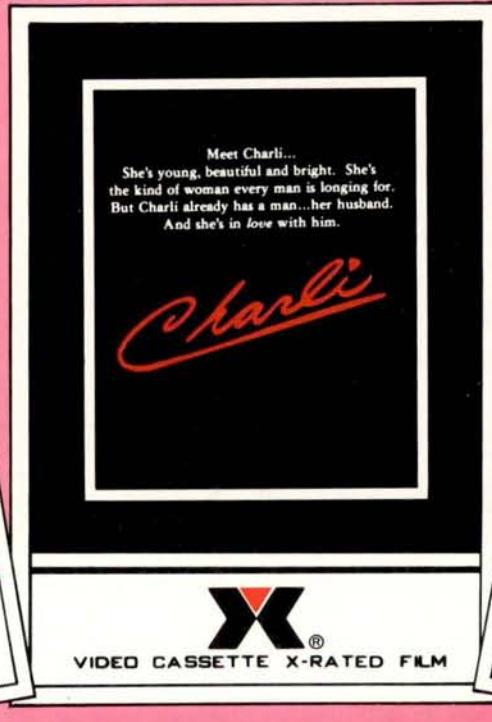
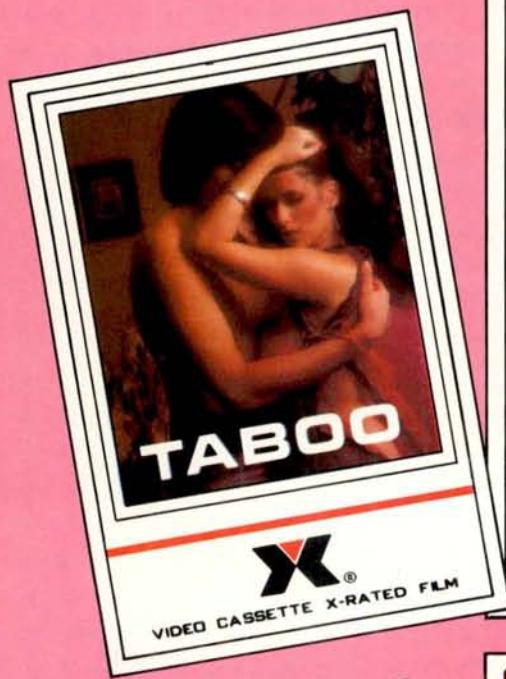
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